Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1838. VOL. VII. No. 48.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We congratulate our Arkansas friend on his acquisition of stock. We shall be happy to insert a list of it, with pedigrees in detail, and, as we always do, free of expense. When our new volume appears (which will startle folks somewhat), we will forward the prospectus, and accept with pleasure the kind offer of service.

To Mr. R. we would say that we have given the order for the plays, and hope they will soon be ready. They shall be forwarded as soon as possible.

Things Theatrical.

THE THEATRES.—The last has been an unpropitious week for our various theatres, and the houses generally have been shy. The *Star* complains that managers do not give us sufficient variety,—we think the Star right this time. An entire department in the drama has been inadequately represented thus far in the current season;—we allude to comedy. We have had no Jack Reeve, no Tyrone Power, among us lately; and one misses also the dashing and versatile Balls, of whom, by the way, and of whose reception at home, we hear the most favorable accounts. But we have neither time nor space to speak of what we lack. Let us name what we have had the last week, and what is to come the next. Mr. Forrest concludes his engagement with Coriolanus and Metamora, this (Friday) evening, and during the week he has been going through his line of favorite characters. We were on hand to witness his Coriolanus on Wednesday, but owing to the illness of a member of the company, it was "no go,"—something was substituted, and we adjourned to Mr. Russell's concert. We were unable to see the Coriolanus on Thursday, but promise ourselves the pleasure this evening.

Mrs. Shaw has been supporting Forrest through the week,—but we are to see her on Saturday evening in the Love-Chase, when, instead of supporting others, she must sustain the whole weight of the piece. Play-goers are on tip-toe to see her in *Constance*, but who personates "The Pleasant Widow Green?"

Next week the queen of song resumes her sway;—we are to have Madame Caradori Allen with us again, and, this time, supported by Brough. Could one additional aid be rendered her by a like substitution, we should be satisfied, whatever querulous, carping critics might say.

Miss Tree has been nightly attracting crowded houses at Charleston. She opened in the character of Julia, in the Hunchback, and followed up with *Letitia Hardy*, *Marianna*, and *Violante*. The audience to which this lady is now playing is quick in its appreciation of merit of the highest order, and doubtless her's has secured for her an abundant harvest. An engagement to play in New Orleans early in the present month, will necessarily render her stay in Charleston rather of the shortest; we hear, however, that she will pay it a second visit on her return to the North. Mr. Abbott is much, and deservedly, lauded for the management of the theatre now under his auspices. He has made very successful efforts to promote the respectability and quiet of the house, by abolishing the sale of ardent spirits within its walls, which was always felt to be a fertile source of noise and confusion. This reform he has carried into effect at a great personal sacrifice, as the *bars* were known to swell the receipts to the amount of several thousand dollars annually. His conduct in this and other respects has received the seal of public approbation.

Mrs. Bailey is at St. Louis, where her sweet face and charming voice have made an impression that will not be very readily effaced. The critics appear to be half demented with her charms, vocal and personal, employing the most poetical prose we have read for some time to celebrate the same. He of the *Bulletin* delivers himself after this fashion:—"Mrs Bailey's voice flows as if it had wandered amid the sweets of a thousand flowers, and is as unaffected as the melody of a nightingale." This gentleman, however, it must be confessed, is rather excursive in his admiration of the sex, for of another lady's verses he writes,—"There breathes through them a sadness touching as the night wind of autumn, gliding hurriedly among harp strings." Seriously, we are always most happy to chronicle this lady's success, and shall welcome her return to our boards with feelings of unmingled pleasure.

Miss Clifton has been performing at Richmond lately with her usual success; in fact, Miss C.'s provincial tour may be described as one entire series of triumphs. She was to leave Richmond on the 5th inst. for Petersburgh. We commend her heartily to our Virginia friends.

Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Barrett, are, as we think we announced last week, performing at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans. The following notice of them appeared in the True American of Dec. 23:—

Much Ado about Nothing was performed on Tuesday night at the St. Charles Mr. G. H. Barrett made his appearance as Benedict, which character he sustained in his usual happy manner; while Mrs. Sharpe's Beatrice was such as to impress every beholder with a favorable opinion of her merits as an actress, and displayed so much taste and judgment in her conception of character and correct reading as justly entitles her to the high place she occupies in the histrionic profession. The scene between Benedict and Beatrice, in which she urges him to kill Claudio, could not be excelled. Her grief for her injured cousin, and hate to her wronger; her sarcastic speeches to Benedict, who refused to undertake the fulfilling of her wishes; her joy when he promised to comply—the hesitation of Benedict between love for Beatrice and affection for his friend, embodied with life and animation the dreams of the mighty poet.

Sheridan Knowles' successful comedy of the *Love Chase* has been brought out at the Walnut-st. theatre, Philadelphia, with the following cast of characters: Sir William Wildlove, Mr. Porter; Master Wildrake, Mr. Wemyss; Master Waller, Mr. Bannister; Widow Green, Mrs Bannister; Constance, Mrs. Proctor; Lydia, Mrs. Rice.—Mr. Brough has been giving concerts in Philadelphia during the past week.

The farewell concert of Madame Caradori Allan, at Boston, was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of the place. The following paragraph relative to this charming vocalist appeared in one of the journals of the 6th:—

At the close of the Concert on Wednesday evening last, an original Italian poem, written by Signor Alessandro, and elegantly bound with silk, with Petrarch's motto—"*E come dolce canta, e dolce ride,*" stamped upon the cover, accompanied with a garland of flowers, was presented to Madame Allan by Mr. Bachi, in the name of the Italians resident in this city. This compliment, unexpected as it was, is highly creditable to her countrymen, and was received by Madame Allan with every demonstration of gratitude and respect.

Tom and Jerry has been revived at the Tremont, where Finn's conundrums pass as current, and ray-ther more so, than shinplasters. The "Athens of America" appears to retain a strong relish for this gentleman's "attic salt."

Mrs. Maeder (Clara Fisher) is at the Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans, and is, as she deserves to be, a distinguished favorite with the audience. A Miss Louisa Johnson, too, (formerly of this city,) who made her first appearance there "unheralded by fame," as a danseuse, appears to have created a very favorable impression, more from her personal charms even than her professional endowments, though both are spoken of in terms of commendation.

The Love-Chase.—Messrs. Turner & Fisher have re-published this last dramatic effort of Sheridan Knowles. We have read but a portion, but hope soon to be better able to pronounce upon it from seeing it on the boards of "Old Drury," powerfully cast. It has had an immense run in London, and, we believe, in the English provincial theatres.

Mr. Russell's Concert.—The farewell concert of this gentleman was given on Wednesday evening last, and we were among the number of the large auditory present. We fear we shall fall into the now fashionable opinion, that Mr. R.'s musical attainments have been somewhat overrated. There is something about the quality of his voice so "very pecooliar," that he must please at first;—and, indeed, at all times, when heard in moderation. But the versatility of a vocalist should be immense who presumes with his single efforts to entertain a large musical audience through an entire evening. Now this is just what Mr. Russell has endeavored to do in his last two concerts; and yet there is no musician in the world who possesses so little variety; when you have heard one song, you have heard the whole. An absolute monotony of tone and expression reigns throughout. Still so fine and singular is his voice (though so limited in its compass) that you can endure this sameness for a moderate while without grumbling. But Mr. R. went the wrong way to work; when he first appeared among us, he supported himself with all the available musical talent in the town, but as he grew to be a favorite, he neglected the aid which he had previously made use of, and relied entirely upon his own strength and popularity. We fear this experiment has hardly succeeded to his mind; and it certainly ought not to have succeeded, for the reason we have before stated, viz., his wonderful lack of versatility. The stale fetch of singing the same old song over and over again, and then over *again*, "by *particular* request," may answer well for a while, but we cannot imagine why it should give more general satisfaction, in the long run, than it does to our individual self.

We published in our last some beautiful lines from the pen of GEORGE P. MORRIS, which were nearly ruined by typographical errors, the most material of which occurred in the following line:—

"They strike a pulse within the heart,"

which was printed—

"They strike a *plume* within the heart,"

making it downright nonsense.

From Gen. Morris's book of Poems we make one more extract, in advance of the work itself. It is a gem, and will be every where admired.

FRAGMENT OF AN INDIAN SKETCH.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

* * * * *

They come!—Be firm—in silence rally!
The spoilers our retreat have found!
Hark! their tramp is in the valley,
And they hem the forest round!
The burthened boughs with pale scouts quiver—
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,
While, across the eddying river,
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!
The blood-hounds darken land and water—
They come—like buffaloes for slaughter!

See their glittering files advancing,
See upon the free winds dancing
Pennon proud and gaudy plume;
The stranger comes in evil hour,
In pomp and panoply and power,
To plant a weed where bloomed a flower,
Where sunshine broke to spread a shower,
And e'en our manly hearts to cower,
And trample in the tomb!

Right he forgets while strength he feels;
Our life he drains, our land he steals;
And, when the vanquished Indian kneels,
He spurns him from his sight!
Be set for ever in disgrace,
The glory of the red-man's race,
If from the foe he turns his face,
To save himself in flight!

They come!—up and upon them, braves!
Fight for your altars and your graves!
Drive back the stern, invading slaves,
In fight till now victorious!
Like lightning from storm-clouds on high,
The hurtling death-wing'd arrows fly,
And wind-rows of pale warriors die!—
Oh! never has the sun's bright eye
Looked from his hill-tops in the sky,
Upon a field so glorious!

* * * * *

They're gone—again the red-men rally,
With dance and song the woods resound;
The hatchet's buried in the valley;
No foe profanes our hunting-ground!
The green leaves on the blithe boughs quiver,
The verdant hills with song-birds ring,
While our bark-canoes, the river
Skim like swallows on the wing.
Mirth pervades the land and water,
Free from famine, sword and slaughter!

* * * * *

Let us, by this gentle river,
Blunt the axe and break the quiver,
While, as leaves upon the spray,
Peaceful flow our cares away!

* * * * *

Yet, alas! the hour is brief,
Left for either joy or grief!
All on earth that we inherit
From the hands of the Great Spirit,
Wigwam, hill, plain, lake and field,
To the white-man must we yield;
For, like sun-down on the waves,
We are sinking to our graves!

From this wilderness of wo
Like a caravan we go,
Leaving all our groves and streams
For the far-off land of dreams.
There are prairies, waving high,
Boundless as the sheeted sky,
Where our fathers' spirits roam,
And the red-man has a home.
Let tradition tell our story
As we fade in cloudless glory,
As we seek the land of rest
Beyond the borders of the West,
No eye but ours may look upon—
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN!

* * * * * N. Y. Mirror.

A well executed lithograph of Placide has been sent to us by Linen, Horne & Co. Though a handsome picture, the likeness is not quite perfect.

Prize Tragedies again, and finally.

We omitted to mention in our last that a reconciliation of difficulties had been effected between the friends of our abused dramatist and the "Proper Quarter." Without dealing in unmeaning generalities, such as "no intention of injuring the feelings," and the like of that, a full and distinct statement of all the facts attending the extraordinary treatment of our friend's tragedy was made, and this statement, we are happy to learn, clearly exculpates the "Proper Quarter" from any suspicion of wrong motives or of neglect. In this light was the statement viewed by the injured party, and the whole matter was forthwith most amicably arranged.

The French journals are dreadfully concerned about a "serious accident" that befel Fanny Esler lately, during her performance of Jenny Vertpre's character in *La Chatte Metamorphosée en Femme*, which has been turned into a ballet. In the second act, says the *Gazette Musicale*, when the woman-cat springs under the table to get at the pan of milk, the table unfortunately upset, and the milk was spilt upon the charming dancer's foot. Being overheated by her exerions, she was seized with an alarming chillness and shivering fit; but, nevertheless, *had the fortitude to show no symptoms of suffering*, and remained on the stage till the end of the scene, when *every care was taken to prevent any ill consequences from the accident!*" It is with reason, it would seem, that France is called *le paradis des dames*.

Admirers of the Old Watchmen.—The old watchmen had their admirers. The little sweeps—those "starvelings in a scanty vest," rising before the day, as they went chittering along the silent streets in a black, murky morning—loved to hear their reverend voices—quavering with cold, and age, and the excess which only kept them up in the unnatural conflict with nature—sleep, rest, and nursing their infirmities. Those tender younglings, having their share of vulgar superstitions, as well as their betters, dreaded the silence of the darkness, but felt assured of their poor safety when they heard the old familiar quailpipe of some grey Nestor of the night dwelling with an elaborate delight and 'drowsy charm' upon 'Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning!' an hour dear to him in winter, for it dismissed him to his bed.

SPORTING LECTURES,—NO. II.

BY MR. JORROCKS.

We have to apologize to our readers for the delay that has occurred in giving publicity, through our Magazine, to the second of Mr. Jorrock's sporting lectures—a delay that has been chiefly caused by a desire to bring to a close the Northern Tour of our friend Nimrod, treating, as they each do, though in different ways, of horses, hounds, and all that appertains to hunting, in order that our pages might not be overloaded with matter relating to one branch of sport, to the exclusion of other and more seasonable subjects; but after waiting until the hunting season, like the wooden horse on the round-about at a fair, has again made its appearance, we cannot longer withhold the many excellent maxims of Mr. Jorrocks from the public, even though they accompany the conclusion of the Tour.

This lecture, like its predecessor, was delivered at the Riding Academy and Lecture Room, No. 31 Oxendon-street, Haymarket, a situation so convenient, and a house so commodious, as to defy alike improvement and detraction. A single visit will convince the most sceptical of the truth of our assertion.

Considerable alteration had been made in the arrangement of the rostrum, and a magnificent full-length portrait of Diana, painted by Mr. Jorrocks' commands,—for which his famed cook-maid, Batsay, sat, in a scarlet habit, with a sky-blue skirt and very neat pea-green ankle boots, with swan's-down round the tops—had been placed against the wall, immediately behind the worthy lecturer. In other respects, the room was in the same state that it was on the first night, save that there were more lights and fewer ladies.

At eight o'clock precisely the worthy gentleman appeared, habited as before, in the uniform of the Surrey hunt, and attended by pretty nearly the same party as accompanied him on the previous occasion. Mr. Jorrocks was most enthusiastically received with whoops, holloas, and all sorts of hunting noises, which he acknowledged in his peculiar manner. Having deposited his whip and hat, he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, just as old Cobbett used to do when he was angry, and stood forward on the platform.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a bold, confident, and triumphant stare round the room, "I'm glad to see so many of you here present. A sure sign that my first lector was agreeable. I hopes the present will be equally so, and that I shall have the satisfaction of making you as knowing as myself. Before I proceeds with what I've got to say, I wishes to make an observation. Somebody paid me a bad shilling for entrance on my first lector. I doesn't mean to insinuate nothing; but how, let me ax, do you think I can manage to pay all the expenses of this here establishment, lights, lamps, lanthorns, Dianas, (pointing to the picture,) to say nothing of the equivalent for the mental anxiety in getting up my subject, so as to place it before you in a palatable form, if I don't get *good* money for doing so? Binjimin has the shilling, and I've only to add that he will be 'appy to exchange it with the gentleman who gave it—*by mistake*, I'm sure—for a good un.

"Now to business. I'm going to tell you to-night all about 'unting, and the condition and stable management of 'osses—a werry important consideration, for if 'osses took no more keeping than chays, there would be a greater demand for them. Young Tom Stileish, who is a werry great swell in his garments, and stints his stomach to adorn his back, once had a werry nice prancer, which you may all have seen curvetting round the corners of streets, particularly when there were any carriages coming, or ladies crossing over; but he parted with him all of a sudden, because he diskivered that, whether the weather was wet or dry, and whether he rode him or no, the 'oss still went on eating his hay and corn, which Tom considered highly improper and most unreasonable, and therefore he sold him; but hearing presently after a friend of his talking about an 'oss that had no mouth, he forthwith sent and bought him, thinking as how it would be the werry nag for his money, for hearing as how that it hadn't *no mouth*, he concluded in course that it wouldn't want no hay or corn (laughter and cheers). Now," continued he, "I'm not a going to teach you how to make an 'oss live on a bean a day, like the man in the fable, but I'm a going to tell you how to do justice to your 'oss, which will enable you to make him do justice to you. And here let me observe, how 'appy I am in being able to agree with that great man, Nimrod, in his condemnation of the system of grazing an 'unter like a bullock, though I may add that my censure is based on a sounder and stronger foundation than what his is. Nimrod, who is a man above all praise, and, next to myself, I really believe knows more how the thing should be than any man breathing, condemns it, because it is undoing all that has been done before—losing all the sweet hay, and corn, and beans, and elbow-grease of the groom, which will all have to be regained before the 'oss is able to take the field again; but I disapprove of it, because you are losing the service of the animal all the time he is gobbling at grass, to say nothing of the time he is getting it all out of him again. According to the old fashioned grazing system, an 'unter lived for six months upon hay, oats, and beans, three months upon grass, and other three upon physic (laughter). You may laugh as you like, but that's a fact, as Nodding Homer here knows full well, for when his prads went to Melton Mowbray the first time, the men all axed if they weren't kept on physic altogether, such a tucked up, heron-gutted, starvation-looking lot never having been sent there, either before or since. Now, though I don't like a heron-gutted 'oss, I dislike a great heavy-barrelled flabby-ribbed one equally so; and I find nothing half so good for keeping them all right and prime as working them regularly all the year round. You all knows 'ow dewoted I am to the chase; 'ow on the coldest, wettest, dreariest morning in November, I'm over Brixton-hill before the earliest milkmaid has begun to mew, and how werry seldom I go on wheels,—always considering that if by any ill-starred accident we should chance not to find a fox, that the ride to Croydon, and then to cover, and from cover to Croydon, and back to Coram-street, is always so much in the way of health and exercise, both for man and 'oss; for I holds with the poet who sang—

'Better to rove in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.'

(applause.) And you may take my word for it, that an 'oss is werry like a man in one respect, that is to say if he is not lame, the more work he does the more he can do, and the better he will find himself for it (applause). The 'oss and the 'ound were made for each other, and natur threw in the fox as the connecting link between the two. And oh, ye Gods! how the werry mention of that beautiful, word, *Fox*, gladdens my 'art, and warms the expiring embers of my old age. To see him approach the cover side, his head thrust through a hazel copse, as with uplifted pad, and ears erect he harkens to the 'orn and 'ounds that have disturbed his morning's nap,—Hoick together! Hoick together!"—here Mr. Jorrocks put his finger in his ear, and gave a holloa that was distinctly heard under the opera colonnade. "It's time to fly, he dashes over the stubble field, making it crackle as he goes, showing his rich nutty brown coat, with magnificent white-tipped brush, which he whisks over his back with a twist as he dashes over the hedge, as much as to say 'catch me who can!' and out pour the 'ounds—one, two, three, four—then altogether in a torrent, like the werry cataract of Niagara, with a crash and music that would make Paganini's hair stand on end with jealousy, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' (loud cheers, which Mr. Jorrocks availed himself of to take some sherry and water.) But I'm getting off the line, and must whip back to talk about the 'oss. The 'oss loves the 'ound, and I loves both, and had I been placed in a less 'umble station of life, why I'd have done ***nothing*** but 'unt, for I say all time is lost that is not spent in 'unting, and the 'oss and the 'ound and John Jorrocks should have been inseparables. Howsomever, as it is I've had a fair share—for eight-and-twenty years I've never missed a practicable opportunity of having a day, and I makes no doubt that I'm ten years younger in constitution than I should have been without it: and as I never have but two 'osses, one to ride to Croydon, and the other to 'unt, which they perform alternately, they are always fit to go, for they hav'nt time to be ill; and then when the confounded old ganders with goslings begin to fly and hiss at one's 'osses' heels—a pretty sure hint that the season's at an end—why I puts one 'oss in my chay, and t'other in my wan, in which they take reg'lar gentle exercise all the summer, and are as hard as deal boards when the winter comes round again. And this reminds me to say a word or two about servants.

"A groom is a chap that a gentleman keeps to clean his 'osses, and be blown up when things go wrong. They are generally werry conceited, consequential beggars, and as they never knows nothing, why the best way is to take them so young that they carn't pretend to any knowledge. I always get mine from the charity schools, and you'll find it werry good economy to apply to those that give the boys leather breeches, as it will save you the trouble of finding him a pair. The first thing to do is to teach him to get up early, and to hiss at everything he brushes, rubs, or touches. As the leather breeches should be kept for Sundays, you must get him a pair of corderoys, and mind order them of large size and baggy behind, for many 'osses have a trick of biting at chaps when they are cleaning them; and it is better for them to have a mouthful of corderoy than of the lad's bacon, to say nothing of the loss of the boy's services during the time he's laid up. On first taking the boy into the stable, you should show him a good stout ash plant, a cane, or an 'oss whip, and explain that it is kept for his special use and benefit; and having done that, let him take off his jacket, braces, &c., and turn up his shirt sleeves, and begin to rub and hiss at the 'osses' legs, and give him to understand that whenever he finds he has nothing to do, he is to sit down on his knees and rub the 'osses' legs.

"Some people keep their grooms to ride their 'osses to exercise, and have them out of a morning before the gas-lights are extinguished, but I'm quite another description of man, and think it is much better to let the world be properly haired before either man or 'oss turns out. I then rides one myself, and if I have two 'osses in my stable, which is not often the case, as during the season one is generally at Croydon, and during the summer, as I said before, one goes in my light wan with groceries, but if I *have* two, and think I cannot ride again in the afternoon, why I mounts a friend, so that upon the whole I am werry indifferent whether my man-boy can ride or not, so long as he can dress and clean his 'osses, hand rub their legs, beat a saddle, clean a bridle, wash a chay, wait at table, polish boots and shoes, and do any other little odd jobs for his Missis or myself. As to wages, boys of this description never require any, nor indeed would it be good for them, for if you clothe and feed them, what more can they want?

"Some folks are fond of clipping 'osses, that is to say, cutting their hair clean off with a pair of scissors, on the score that it makes them do far more work. My experience in this matter is werry small, but such as it is I'll give it you. I had a werry bad 'oss. I may say so *now* for he's no longer mine—and I clipped him, but it made him no better, consequently I arrived at the conclusion that you carn't clip a bad 'oss into a good 'un. For 'oss-stealers the plan I should think would be conwenient, for it perfectly alters the appearance of a nag." Here Mr. Jorrocks took another run at the tumbler. He smacked his lips as though it were very good, and resumed.

"And now supposing us to have got our 'oss, let us talk about riding him, and, as Nimrod well observes, the art of mounting may be called the first step in practical 'ossmanship. This is werry important; for it requires no elucidation—which is a fine dictionary word for explanation—that unless a man mounts, he can have no ride. And as this is the first introduction between the rider and his 'oss, and a prepossessing appearance is considered werry important, it will be well, if the rider is no beauty, not to go bolt up and stare the 'oss in the face, as he may so frighten him that he may not let him come near him again, but just let the rider get alongside of him and climb up as most conweniently he can, always bearing in mind that if one end of an 'oss kicks, the other end bites, and there's not much to choose between the two. Short-legged chaps will find an 'oss-pail turned up a conwenient thing when there's no 'oss-block, which I'm sorry to observe is an article going out of use; but always beware of having a "leg up," as it is called, particularly in this mischievous town, for they are apt to give inexperienced men such a hoist as sends them flat on their faces on the far side. Now, as soon as you are mounted, pay particular attention to the 'oss's conduct, and if you find he lays back his ears, and sets up his back like a cat in wet weather, rely upon it he will try to dissolve partnership, without the trouble of going into the Gazette, so tell the groom to keep hold of his head, and you scramble down as quick as ever you can, and you can either tell the truth, that you think he's wicious, or say that on second thoughts you prefer seeing him ridden, or that you have burst the waistband of your breeches, or that some other little accident has happened to them, which perhaps indeed may not be werry far from the truth. Being fairly up, however, without any disagreeable symptoms, run your feet well into the stirrups, and deposit yourself in such a form in your saddle as you find most comfortable to yourself, which in all *humane* probability will be easiest to the 'oss also, but beware how you begin plying your spurs. I disagrees with Geoffrey Gambado, who recommends the free use of them as tending to keep the blood in proper circulation, and preventing your toes from catching cold. Indeed, he contradicts himself, for he recommends spurring in the *shoulders* only, where he says an 'oss has most feeling, because he has most weins, adding, that by spurring at his body, five times in six your labor is lost; for if you are a short man you spur the saddle-cloth only, if a leggy one, you never touch him at all, and if middling, the rider wears out his own girths, without his 'oss being a bit the better for it, whereas it is quite clear that if the only object of spurring an 'oss be to keep a man's blood in circulation and prevent his toes catching cold, he had better ply the Brummagems, as we calls them, where he can have the most work, instead of the least—therefore I say, *spur him in the guts.* But it is werry difficult to teach a man to ride by reading about, or even lectoring upon it, therefore it is that I have prowided this wooden 'unter," pointing to the rocking-horse, "that by practice I may enforce my precepts on your perceptions. Now you see," continued he, advancing to the figure, "I am about to mount, and though it is true that the nag cannot set up his back as I described, yet he can throw up his hind legs werry like a kicker, and also his fore ones werry like a rearer." Here Mr. Jorrocks, amid the shouts, laughter, and applause of the company, mounted the rocking-horse, and by Benjamin's working the tail end, very soon had him in full swing.

"But really and truly," continued he, easing it down to a stand-still, "there's nothing like practice, and people mustn't think to turn Hosbaldestons all of a night. However, supposing our beginner has learn't to steer his nag and to sit upon him with firmness, ease, and grace, which many a man can do while the 'oss dos'nt move, let us cast forward a bit and imagine him ambitious of taking the field, as we call going out 'unting, and direct our thoughts to the necessary preparation. And it is werry astonishing how few men there are wot have had the opportunity, but have tried whether they like 'unting or not, just as they would take a cigar to try whether they liked smoking or not, or olives instead of happles for desert. One day is a dose for many, consequently I would adwise no one to rig himself out until he has had a taste and knows something of the nature of the thing. But if a man's 'art jumps at the crack of a whip—if he feels elated when he sees the 'ounds, admires their spotted sides more than he would a flock of sheep, feels gratified by the greetings of the assembled sportsmen, and the touches of the cap from the servants, let him forthwith order a pair of stout double-soled top-boots, a pair of strong straight-necked spurs, a pair of drab patent shag breeches, and a scarlet single-breasted frock coat—just in fact such toggery as I've got on, barring the buttons and collar, which can only be sported by members of the Surrey—for these, with a clean shirt, a clean shave, and a guinea in his pocket, constitute the toggery of a genuine, though not of a spurious sportsman; and as I've read or heard some where, that there are few men who would not feel more hurt by an imputation on their 'ossmanship and sporting knowledge than on their morality, I'll teach you how to appear werry wise with werry little information. There are a few maxims that hold good in all countries. One is, that the 'untsman is either a natural born fool, or the cleverest fellow alive. That is a rule admitting of no exception. Upon this point, however, as to which he is, the members of the 'unt are sometimes diwided, a portion of them considering it '*knowing*' either to condemn or defend in opposition to others, who may have begun 'unting later in life, and who are invariably pronounced to know nothing at all about the matter. If the 'untsman is bad, the whippers-in are good, and *wice wersa*, and there is always somebody in every establishment to whose door all the bad sport is laid. Therefore either praise or condemn as you think will serve your purpose best; but mind, whichever side you take, *lay it on thick*, for the werry confidence with which you speak will ward off contradiction, and it is quite extonishing how easily the majority of mankind are led by the nose.

"Old John Ward, of Squerries, in our country, is the oldest fox-'unter and master of 'ounds in England, and there is scarcely a kennel in which some of his blood is not to be found. By blood, I should observe, that I dosn't mean that the old gentleman's nose has bled in them all, or that he has happened any other haccident, but there is scarcely a kennel which has not some 'ounds of the breed he used to keep in it. They are all large-headed, square-nosed, full-sized dogs, *smothered with bone*, if I may use the expression, and generally deep-toned in their music, so whenever you see an 'ound of that description, it cannot be a bad speckilation just to lay your whip or stick on his head, and say, 'Ah, I see's you've got one of old John Ward's sort here,' for the chances are you'll be right, and even if you are wrong, the 'untsman or master of 'ounds will feel flattered, and conclude you know something about the matter.

"It looks uncommon knowing also, to take a bit of bread or biscuit out of your pocket, as you are looking over the hounds, and singling one or two out, make them rise up on their hind legs to receive it, while you look werry scrutinizing at them all the time. If there was any doubt before of your being one of the 'right sort,' you will immediately set the matter at rest, and they will take you for a werry knowing judge, if not a master of 'ounds yourself.

"These hints, with the words 'condition,—legs,—loins,—broth,'—'oss-flesh,—Hosbaldeston,—symmetry—sizeable—bone—Ralph Lambton'—thrown out promiscuously at intervals, with five shillings to the feeder at parting, will effectually establish a reputation at a kennel.

"If you can muster a couple of prads, in course you will send the one you mean to 'unt on before, with orders to your boy to keep the gloss upon him, and neither to let him drink by the way, nor—what is often more important—to get drunk himself. Being werry fond of the morning hair [air], I generally makes such a start as enables me to ride my own 'oss, and many a good laugh have I had at the tricks and freaks of *trusty* grooms, with their trotting matches by the way, and stops at public-houses for gin and purl, or half-and-half, while their masters are flattering themselves they are just jogging steadily on to cover at the rate of five or six miles an hour. Some bucks think it looks well to come dashing up at a hand canter, all mud-booted and McIntoshed, as many minutes after the time as they think the master of the 'ounds' patience will last; but these I observe are always the first to canter off again when an opportunity offers, with the comfortable assurance to themselves that the sport is all over for the day. But if you wish to become a real scientific sportsman like myself, you'll arrive early and so learn the names of the 'ounds; by which means you'll be able to holloa to them in chase, which is not only werry exciting, but also werry fine exercise. So when you arive at the meet, just ride among the pack, and in all *humane* probability your 'oss will tread upon one or two 'ounds, which will set them a yelping, and aid you in pointing out to the 'untsman or whips those whose names you want to catch. Some masters of 'ounds are grumpish at this sort of work, but the majority of them will regard you as a werry keen hand; and if you do chance to kill an 'ound now and then, it must be a werry mean establishment that wont afford 'one a day,' as old Meynell used to say was the rule of his 'unt—those that were killed beyond this allowance, having to be paid for. When the 'unt begins, that is to say, when the 'ounds go into the wood to draw for old Reynard, it will look werry 'warmint' if you ride in with them, and forthwith commence *yoicking*, and cracking your whip just as the 'untsman does. The 'ounds at first won't regard you, but in course of time they'll become used to your woice, and look in your face with great eagerness. When they find the fox, you'll find your 'oss will prick his ears, and become uncommon lively, and as the chorus increases, you may redouble your hollous, crying '*Hoick together! hoick!*' cracking your whip every time, and having shouted this till you are tired, begin holloaing '*Hoick forrard! hoick back! hoick forrard!*' which means all the same thing, and are terms made use of indifferently by 'unters to keep themselves warm and in wind.

"Talliho! my vig—that's the cry! and when you hear it, stick your hat tight on your head, gather up your reins, and scuttle out of cover as fast as ever you can, and by all means get a view of the fox, for the sight of the warmint is a wonderful inducement to men to ride. And here let me observe, that you should not look a mile or two ahead, just as if you expected to see a helephant rolling away, but run your eye over the adjoining fields, taking off from the second or third from the cover, and extend your range till you see the long-tailed beggar himself, and you may keep holloaing and shouting till you're hoarse. Now's the time to stand erect in the stirrups!" cried Mr. Jorrocks, suiting the action to the words, sticking out his rump as though he were just going away with the hounds, and showing in the attitude more the parts of a man than the man of parts. "And now," continued he, "having got well away with the 'ounds, bob down your head, stick up your shoulders, keep tight hold of your reins with one hand, and carry your whip over your shoulder with a loose thong with the other, harden your hearts—ride like fun, and the devil take the hindmost!

"Now's the time that your 'oss, if he has any mischief in him, will assuredly show it, and the commonest occurrence is for him to run away. This is werry disagreeable, as well as dangerous; and, as Geoffrey Gambado observes, when a man is well run away with the first thing that occurs to him is, how to stop his 'oss; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some, when out 'unting, will run him at a ditch, which is a werry promising experiment if he leaps ill, or not at all; others try a gate-post, but it requires a nice eye to hit the centre with the 'oss's head, so as to avoid all risk of grazing your thigh or leg. Geoffrey says that Frenchmen (and the French, it seems, were as good riders in his time as they are now) will ride against one another, and that's well enough if two men are of the same mind, but I hold it unhandsome to charge a chap without some little notice. Upon the whole, however, after werry deep and mature deliberation, I may give it as my opinion that a good stiff newly-ploughed field is by far the finest thing for taking the nonsense out of a refractory nag. Therefore my adwice is, to get into one as soon as ever you can, and blob across ridge and furrow with a slack rein; and when your 'oss begins to sob, why give him a touch of the spur, and flank him well with your whip." Here Mr. Jorrocks showed how the punishment was to be performed on the rocking-horse.

"To 'unt pleasantly, two things are werry necessary,—to know your 'oss, and to know your own mind. Now if you know you're oss, and can depend upon him, so as to be sure he will carry you over whatever you put him at, have a good understanding with yourself before you come to a leap, whether you mean to go over it or not; for nothing looks so foolish as to see a man ride bang up to a fence as if he would eat it, and then swerve off for a gate, unless, indeed, it be to see a man charge wiggorously, and his 'oss, instead of leaping, stop suddenly, and chuck him, not only over his head, but over the hedge too. I'm no advocate for leaping, but there are times when it carn't be helped; in which case let a man throw his heart fearlessly over the fence, and follow it as quick as ever he can, and being well landed in the next field, thank Providence for his good fortune, and lose no time in looking about for the best way out. Thus he will go on from leap to leap, and from field to field; and having got well over the first fence, it is extonishing what confidence it gives you at the next. A tumble is an awful thing to contemplate! Just fancy a great sixteen hands 'oss lying on you like a blanket! My vig!—vere's the sherry white, Binjimin?" Here Mr. Jorrocks took a glass of pale sherry, or rather sherry and water, to compose his nerves, which the thoughts of the fall had somewhat flustrated.

"I know nothing so comfortable in the middle of a run as the sight of a line of gates parallel with the 'ounds, with a cart track through them which indicates that they lead to another road. Then's the time you may ride boldly, and throw the mud in your friends' faces, and holloa till all's blue. If you come first to a locked gate, in course you won't leap it, so dismount and try to lift it off the hinges; and having done so, just draw your 'oss between the gate and the post, so that no one can pass until you remount, and then scuttle away to the next. If anybody else does it, particularly a youngster, manage to be second; and just as he throws the gate from him, slip by, thanking him, and saying—'I'm werry much obliged to you, sir.' When you see a chap fall, particularly at a needless leap, always have something pleasant to shout out, such as 'Holloa, sir! if you goes on that way you'll hurt the ground!'—or, 'Come here, sir, and I'll help you up!'—or, 'Would you like to have your 'oss now, sir, or vait till you catch him?' If you see a chap riding on his 'oss's neck, which is often the case after the nag has made a mistake at a leap, sing out, 'There goes a *forward* rider!' or, 'I say, sir! are you Mr. Ducrow?' all which easy composure denotes the true sportsman.

"When the 'ounds come to a check—that is to say, when they lose the smell or scent of the fox—then is the time for the sportsman to make or mar himself in the estimation of the field. There won't be a man out but will give an opinion as to which way he has gone, and no two will agree in the line. Sport then an idea boldly—your's will be as good as their's; and if you are right, your fame is established. The next time you see them throw up,—I don't mean *womit*, mind, but *throw up their heads* on losing the scent,—just take off your hat and cap them—or at least such of them as will come to you—down the nearest hedgerow; and if by any chance you hit it off, oh my vig! but you'll be a werry great man. But my sherry white is done, and I'm getting dry. Let us then kill our fox gallantly and gloriously, as the Surrey 'ounds ever do; and let every man here with a tongue in his head, join me in one long, loud, shrill, magnificent, soul-stirring Who-whoop!"

A tremendous explosion of noise followed this entreaty, which produced a second yell equally loud, and foxes' brushes and pads were showered at the worthy lecturer in profusion.

On the motion of Mr. James Green, senior-junior, seconded by Nodding Homer, an adjournment to Tom Cribb's, in Panton-street, was again carried, where the best parlor was in readiness, and nearly the whole of the company followed Mr. Jorrocks there, whooping and holloaing, and tally-hoing as they went. On their arrival, Mr. Green mounted the table, and after paying sundry handsome compliments to the talents, sporting knowledge, and convivial powers of Mr. Jorrocks, concluded by moving a vote of thanks to him for his instructive lectures, and by proposing that he should take the chair.

Nodding Homer seconded the motion; and Mr. Jorrocks having briefly acknowledged the compliment they had paid him, forthwith deposited himself in the chair, beneath the clock, and called for an imperial quart of their strongest draft port, an example that was immediately followed by the majority of the company, and of course, by our reporter, whose notes of the toasts, speeches, and sentiments that followed, we lament to add, are so exceedingly short and illegible, and so bedaubed with the stains of wine, as to be perfectly useless; nor have we met with a single auditor whose memory will enable us to supply the deficiency. We regretted, however, to learn, on inquiring of Mr. Cribb's waiter, that towards the "little hours of morning," Nodding Homer, who is always on the look-out for "squalls," succeeded, after a very subtle speech, in inducing the company to agree to a proposition that "the richest man in the room should pay for all," and then cast the doubtful honor upon your esteemed friend, Mr. Jorrocks; and the reckoning was so heavy as not only to swallow up every fraction he had received at the door of his lecture room, but also eighteen pence he had brought to pay his coach-hire home; and but from the fortunate circumstance of Binjimin having had a run of luck at a "pies all 'ot" man's tray, while his master was in the chair, by which he had won nine pence in cash, besides what he eat, "in all *humane* probability," as Mr. Jorrocks observed, "he would have had to walk home."

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THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

MR. SOLOMON PELL, ASSISTED BY A SELECT COMMITTEE OF COACHMEN, ARRANGES THE AFFAIRS OF THE ELDER MR. WELLER.

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller, accosting his son on the morning after the funeral, "I've found it Sammy. I thought it vos there."

"Thought wot wos vere?" enquired Sam.

"Your mother-in-law's vill, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "In wirtue o' vich, them arrangements is to be made as I told you on last night respectin' the funs."

"Wot, didn't she tell you vere it wos?" enquired Sam.

"Not a bit on it, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "Ve vos a adjestin' our little differences, and I vos a cherin' her spirits and bearin' her up, so that I forgot to ask anythin' about it. I don't know as I should ha' done it indeed, if I had remembered it," added Mr. Weller, "for it's a rum sort o' thing, Sammy, to go a hankerin' arter anybody's property, ven you're assistin' 'em in illness. It's like helping an outside passenger up ven he's been pitched off a coach, and puttin' your hand in his pocket, vile you ask him vith a sigh how he finds his-self, Sammy."

With this figurative illustration of his meaning, Mr. Weller unclasped his pocket-book, and drew forth a dirty sheet of letter paper, on which were inscribed various characters crowded together in remarkable confusion.

"This here is the dockyment, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "I found it in the little black teapot on the top shelf o' the bar closet. She used to keep bank notes there 'afore she vos married, Samivel. I've seen her take the lid off to pay a bill, many and many a time. Poor creetur, she might ha' filled all the teapots in the house vith vills, and not have inconwenienced herself neither, for she took wery little of anythin' in that vay lately, 'cept on the Temperance nights, ven they just laid a foundation o' tea to put the spirits a-top on."

"What does it say?" enquired Sam.

"Jist vot I told you, my boy," rejoined his parent. "Two hundred pounds vurth o' reduced counsels to my son-in-law, Samivel, and all the rest o' my property of ev'ry kind and description votsoever to my husband, Mr. Tony Veller, who I appint as my sole eggzekiter."

"That's all, is it?" said Sam.

"That's all," replied Mr. Weller. "And I s'pose as it's all right and satisfactory to you and me, as is the only parties interested, ve may as vell put this bit o' paper into the fire."

"Wot are you a-doin' on, you lunatic?" said Sam, snatching the paper away, as his parent, in all innocence, stirred the fire preparatory to suiting the action to the word. "You're a nice eggzekiter, you are."

"Vy not?" enquired Mr. Weller, looking sternly round, with the poker in his hand.

"Vy not!" exclaimed Sam,—"'cos it must be proved, and probated, and sworn to, and all manner o' formalities."

"You don't mean that!" said Mr. Weller, laying down the poker.

Sam buttoned the will carefully in a side pocket, intimating by a look meanwhile, that he did mean it, and very seriously too.

"Then I'll tell you wot it is," said Mr. Weller, after a short meditation, "this is a case for that 'ere confidential pal o' the Chancellorship's. Pell must look into this, Sammy. He's the man for a difficult question at law. Ve'll have this here brought afore the Solvent court directly, Samivel."

"I never did see such a addle-headed old creetur!" exclaimed Sam, irritably, "Old Baileys, and Solvent Courts, and alleybis, and ev'ry species o' gammon alvays a-runnin' through his brain. You'd better get your out o' door clothes on, and come to town about this bisness, than stand a preachin' there wot you don't understand nothin' of."

"Wery good, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "I'm quite agreeable to anythin' as vill hexpedite business, Sammy. But mind this here, my boy, nobody but Pell—nobody but Pell as a legal adwiser."

"I don't want anybody else," replied Sam.—"Now, are you a-comin'?"

"Vait a minit, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, who, having tied his shawl with the aid of a small glass that hung in the window, was now, by dint of the most wonderful exertions, struggling into his upper garments. "Vait a minit, Sammy; ven you grow as old as your father, you von't get into your veskit quite as easy as you do now, my boy."

"If I couldn't get into it easier than that, I'm blessed if I'd vear vun at all," rejoined his son.

"You think so now," said Mr. Weller, with the gravity of age, "but you'll find that as you get vider you'll get viser. Vidth and visdom, Sammy, alvays grows together."

As Mr. Weller delivered this infallible maxim—the result of many years' personal experience and observation—he contrived, by a dextrous twist of his body, to get the bottom button of his coat to perform its office. Having paused a few seconds to recover breath, he brushed his hat with his elbow, and declared himself ready.

"As four heads is better than two, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, as they drove along the London road in the chaise cart, "and as all this here property is a wery great temptation to a legal gen'lm'n, ve'll take a couple o' friends o' mine vith us, as 'll be wery soon down upon him if he comes anythin' irreg'lar; two o' them as saw you to the Fleet that day. They're the wery best judges," added Mr. Weller in a half whisper, "the wery best judges of a horse you ever know'd."

"And of a lawyer too!" enquired Sam.

"The man as can form a ackerate judgment of a animal, can form a ackerate judgment of anythin'," replied his father; so dogmatically, that Sam did not attempt to controvert the position.

In pursuance of this notable resolution, the services of the mottled-faced gentleman and two other very fat coachmen—selected by Mr. Weller, probably, with a view to their width and consequent wisdom—were put into requisition; and this assistance having been secured, the party proceeded to the public-house in Portugal-street, whence a messenger was dispatched to the Insolvent Court over the way, requiring Mr. Solomon Pell's immediate attendance.

The messenger fortunately found Mr. Solomon Pell in court, regaling himself, business being rather slack, with a collation of an Abernethy biscuit and a saveloy. The message was no sooner whispered in his ear than he thrust them in his pocket among various professional documents, and hurried over the way with such alacrity that he reached the parlour before the messenger had even emancipated himself from the court.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pell, touching his hat, "my service to you all. I don't say it to flatter you, gentlemen, but there are not five other men in the world that I'd have come out of that court for, to-day."

"So busy, eh?" said Sam.

"Busy!" replied Pell; "I'm completely sewn up, as my friend the late Lord Chancellor many a time used to say to me, gentlemen, when he came out from hearing appeals in the House of Lords. Poor fellow! he was very susceptible of fatigue; he used to feel those appeals uncommonly. I actually thought more than once that he'd have sunk under them, I did indeed."

Here Mr. Pell shook his head, and paused; upon which the elder Mr. Weller, nudging his neighbour, and begging him to mark the attorney's high connections, asked whether the duties in question produced any permanent ill effects on the constitution of his noble friend.

"I don't think he ever quite recovered them," replied Pell; "in fact I'm sure he never did. 'Pell," he used to say to me many a time, 'how the blazes you can stand the head-work you do, is a mystery to me.—'Well,' I used to answer, '*I* hardly know how I do it, upon my life.'—'Pell,' he'd add, sighing, and looking at me with a little envy—friendly envy, you know, gentlemen, mere friendly envy; I never minded it—'Pell, you're a wonder; a wonder.' Ah! you'd have liked him very much if you had known him, gentlemen. Bring me three penn'orth of rum, my dear."

Addressing this latter remark to the waitress in a tone of subdued grief, Mr. Pell sighed, looked at his shoes, and the ceiling; and, the rum having by that time arrived, drank it up.

"However," said Pell, drawing a chair up to the table, "a professional man has no right to think of his private friendships when his legal assistance is wanted. By the bye, gentlemen, since I saw you here before, we have had to weep over a very melancholy occurrence."

Mr. Pell drew out a pocket-handkerchief when he came to the word weep, but he made no further use of it than to wipe away a slight tinge of rum which hung upon his upper lip.

"I saw it in the Advertiser, Mr. Weller," continued Pell. "Bless my soul, not more than fifty-two! dear me—only think."

These indications of a musing spirit were addressed to the mottled-faced man, whose apprehension of matters in general was of a foggy nature, moved uneasily in his seat, and opined that indeed, so far as that went, there was no saying how things *was* brought about; which observation involving one of those subtle propositions which it is difficult to encounter in argument, was controverted by nobody.

"I have heard it remarked that she was a very fine woman, Mr. Weller," said Pell in a sympathising manner.

"Yes, Sir, she wos," replied the elder Mr. Weller, not much relishing this mode of discussing the subject, and yet thinking that the attorney, from his long intimacy with the late Lord Chancellor, must know best on all matters of polite breeding. "She wos a wery fine 'ooman, Sir, ven I first know'd her. She wos a widder, Sir, at that time."

"Now, it's curious," said Pell, looking round with a sorrowful smile: "Mrs. Pell was a widow."

"That's very extraordinary," said the mottle-faced man.

"Well, it is a curious coincidence," said Pell.

"Not at alll," gruffly remarked the elder Mr. Weller. "More widders is married than single vimin."

"Very good, very good," said Pell, "you're quite right, Mr. Weller. Mrs. Pell was a very elegant and accomplished woman; her manners were the theme of universal admiration in our neighbourhood. I was proud to see that woman dance; there was something so firm and dignified and yet natural in her motion. Her cutting, gentlemen, was simplicity itself—Ah! well, well! Excuse my asking the question, Mr. Samuel," continued the attorney in a lower voice, "was your mother-in-law tall?"

"Not wery," replied Sam.

"Mrs. Pell was a tall figure," said Pell, "a splendid woman, with a noble shape, and a nose, gentlemen, formed to command and be majestic. She was very much attached to me—very much—highly connected, too; her mother's brother, gentlemen, failed for eight hundred pound as a Law Stationer."

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, who had grown rather restless during this discussion, "vith regard to bis'ness."

The word was music to Pell's ears. He had been revolving in his mind whether any business was to be transacted, or whether he had been merely invited to partake of a glass of brandy and water, or a bowl of punch or any similar professional compliment, and now the doubt was set at rest without his appearing at all eager for solution. His eyes glistened as he laid his hat on the table, and said—

"What is the business upon which—um? Either of these gentlemen wish to go through the court? We require an arrest, a friendly arrest will do, you know; we are all friends here, I suppose?"

"Give me the dockyment, Sammy," said Mr Weller, taking the will from his son, who appeared to enjoy the interview amazingly. "Wot we rek-vire, Sir, is a probe o' this here."

"Probate, my dear, Sir, probate," said Pell.

"Vell, Sir," replied Mr. Weller sharply, "probe and probe it, is wery much the same; if you don't understand wot I mean, Sir, I dessay I can find them as does."

"No offence I hope, Mr. Weller," said Pell, meekly. "You are the executor, I see," he added, casting his eyes over the paper.

"I am, Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"These other gentlemen, I presume, are legatees, are they?" enquired Pell with a congratulatory smile.

"Sammy is a leg-at-ease," replied Mr. Weller; "these other gen'l'men is friends o'mine, just come to see fair;—a kind of umpires."

"Oh!" said Pell, "very good. I have no objections, I'm sure. I shall want a matter of five pound of you before I begin, ha! ha! ha!"

It being decided by the committee that the five pounds might be advanced, Mr. Weller produced that sum, after which a long consultation, about nothing particular took place, in the course whereof Mr. Pell demonstrated, to the perfect satisfaction of the gentlemen who saw fair, that unless the management of the business had been entrusted to him, it must all have gone wrong, for reasons not clearly made out, but no doubt sufficient. This important point being dispatched, Mr. Pell refreshed himself with three chops, and liquids both malt and spirituous, at the expense of the estate, and then they all went away to Doctors' Commons.

The next day there was another visit to Doctors' Commons, and a great to-do with an attesting ostler, who, being inebriated, declined swearing anything but profane oaths, to the great scandal of a proctor and surrogate. Next week there were more visits to Doctors' Commons, and a visit to the Legacy Duty Office besides, and treaties entered into for the disposal of the lease and business, and ratifications of the same, and inventories to be made out, and lunches to be taken, and dinners to be eaten, and so many profitable things to be done, and such a mass of papers accumulated, that Mr. Solomon Pell and the boy, and the blue bag to boot, all got so stout that scarcely anybody would have known them for the same man, boy, and bag, that had loitered about Portugal Street a few days before.

At length all these weighty matters being arranged, a day was fixed for selling out and transferring the stock, and of waiting with that view upon Wilkins Flasher, Esq., stock-broker, of somewhere near the Bank, who had been recommended by Mr. Solomon Pell for the purpose.

It was a kind of festive occasion, and the parties were attired accordingly. Mr. Weller's tops were newly cleaned, and his dress was arranged with peculiar care, the mottled-faced gentleman wore at his button hole a full sized dahlia with several leaves, and the coats of his two friends were adorned with nosegays of laurel and other evergreens. All three were habited in strict holiday costume; that is to say, they were wrapped up to the chins, and wore as many clothes as possible, which is, and has been, a stage-coachman's idea of full dress ever since stage-coaches were invented.

Mr. Pell was waiting at the usual place of meeting at the appointed time; and even he wore a pair of gloves and a clean shirt, the latter much frayed at the collar and wristbands by frequent washings.

"A quarter to two," said Pell, looking at the parlour clock. "If we are with Mr. Flasher at a quarter past, we shall just hit the best time."

"What should you say to a drop o' beer, gen'l'men?" suggested the mottled-faced man.

"And a little bit o' cold beef," said the second coachman.

"Or a oyster," added the third, who was a hoarse gentleman, supported by very round legs.

"Hear, hear!" said Pell; "to congratulate Mr. Weller, on his coming into possession of his property: eh? ha! ha!"

"I'm quite agreeable, gen'l'men," answered Mr. Weller. "Sammy pull the bell."

Sam complied; and the porter, cold beef, and oysters being promptly produced, the lunch was done ample justice to. Where everybody took so active a part, it is almost invidious to make a distinction; but if one individual evinced greater powers than another, it was the coachman with the hoarse voice, who took an imperial pint of vinegar with his oysters, without betraying the least emotion.

"Mr Pell, Sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, stirring a glass of brandy and water, of which one was placed before every gentleman when the oyster shells were removed; "Mr. Pell, Sir, it wos my intention to have proposed the funs on this occasion, but Samivel has vispered to me—"

Here Mr. Samuel Weller, who had silently eat his oysters with tranquil smiles, cried 'Hear!" in a very loud voice.

"—Has vispered to me," resumed his father, "that it vould be better to devote the liquor to vishin' you success and prosperity; and thankin' you for the manner in which you've brought this here business through. Here's your health, Sir."

"Hold hard there," interposed the mottled-faced gentleman, with sudden energy, "your eyes on me, gen'l'men."

Saying this, the mottled-faced gentleman rose, as did the other gentlemen. The mottled-faced gentleman reviewed the company, and slowly raised his hand, upon which every man (including he of the mottled countenance) drew a long breath, and lifted his tumbler to his lips. In one instant the mottled-faced gentleman depressed his hand again, and every glass was set down empty. It is impossible to describe the thrilling effect produced by this striking ceremony; at once dignified, solemn, and impressive, it combined every element of grandeur.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pell, "all I can say is, that such marks of confidence must be very gratifying to a professional man. I don't wish to say anything that might appear egotistical, gentlemen, but I'm very glad, for your own sakes, that you came to me: that's all. If you had gone to any low member of the profession, it's my firm conviction, and I assure you of it as a fact, that you would have found yourselves in Queen Street before this. I could have wished my noble friend had been alive to have seen my management of this case; I don't say it out of pride, but I think—however, gentleman, I won't trouble you with that. I'm generally to be found here, gentlemen, but if I'm not here, or over the way, that's my address. You'll find my terms very cheap and reasonable, and no man attends more to his clients than I do, and I hope I know a little of my profession besides. If you have any opportunity of recommending me to any of your friends, gentlemen, I shall be very much obliged to you, and so will they too, when they come to know me. *Your* healths, gentlemen."

With this expression of his feelings, Mr. Solomon Pell laid three small written cards before Mr. Weller's friends, and, looking at the clock again, feared it was time to be walking. Upon this hint Mr. Weller settled the bill, and, issuing forth, the executor, legatee, attorney, and umpires, directed their steps towards the city.

The office of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, of the Stock Exchange, was in a first floor up a court behind the Bank of England; the house of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was at Brixton, Surrey; the horse and stanhope of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, were at an adjacent livery stable; the groom of Wilkins Flasher, Esq., was on his way to the West End to deliver some game; the clerk of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, had gone to his dinner; and so Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, himself, cried, "Come in," when Mr. Pell and his companions knocked at the counting-house door.

"Good morning, Sir," said Pell, bowing obsequiously. "We want to make a little transfer, if you please."

"Oh, just come in, will you?" said Mr. Flasher. "Sit down a minute; I'll attend to you directly."

"Thank you, Sir," said Pell, "there's no hurry. Take a chair, Mr. Weller."

Mr. Weller took a chair, and Sam took a box, and the umpires took what they could get, and looked at the almanack and one or two papers which were wafered against the wall, with as much open-eyed reverence as if they had been the finest efforts of the old masters.

"Well, I'll bet you half a dozen of claret on it; come," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, resuming the conversation to which Mr. Pell's entrance had caused a momentary interruption.

This was addressed to a very smart young gentleman who wore his hat on his right whisker, and was lounging over the desk killing flies with a ruler. Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was balancing himself on two legs of an office stool, spearing a wafer-box with a penknife, which he dropped every now and then with great dexterity into the very centre of a small red wafer that was stuck outside. Both gentlemen had very open waistcoats and very rolling collars, and very small boots, and very big rings, and very little watches and very large guard chains, and symmetrical inexpressibles and scented pocket handkerchiefs.

"I never bet half a dozen," said the other gentleman. "I'll take a dozen."

"Done, Simmery, done!" said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"P. P., mind," observed the other.

"Of course," replied Wilkins Flasher, Esquire; and Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, entered it in a little book with a gold pencil-case, and the other gentlemen entered it also, in another little book with another gold pencil-case.

"I see there's a notice up this morning about Boffer," observed Mr. Simmery. "Poor devil, he's expelled the house."

"I'll bet you ten guineas to five he cuts his throat," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"Done," replied Mr. Simmery.

"Stop! I bar," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, thoughtfully. "Perhaps he may hang himself."

"Very good," rejoined Mr. Simmery, pulling out the gold pencil-case again. "I've no objection to take you that way. Say—makes away with himself."

"Kills himself, in fact," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"Just so," replied Mr. Simmery, putting it down. "'Flasher—ten guineas to five, Boffer kills himself.' Within what time shall we say?"

"A fortnight?" suggested Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"Con-found it, no;" rejoined Mr. Simmery, stopping for an instant to smash a fly with the ruler. "Say a week."

"Split the difference," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. "Make it ten days."

"Well; ten days," rejoined Mr. Simmery.

So, it was entered down in the little books that Boffer was to kill himself within ten days, or Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was to hand over to Frank Simmery, Esquire, the sum of ten guineas; and that if Boffer did kill himself within that time, Frank Simmery, Esquire, would pay to Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, five guineas, instead.

"I'm very sorry he has failed," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, "Capital dinners he gave."

"Fine port he had too," remarked Mr. Simmery. "We are going to send our butler to the sale to-morrow, to pick up some of that sixty-four."

"The devil you are!" said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. "My man's going too Five guineas my man outbids your man.

"Done."

Another entry was made in the little books, with the gold pencil-cases; and Mr. Simmery having by this time killed all the flies and taken all the bets, strolled away to the Stock Exchange to see what was going forward.

Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, now condescended to receive Mr. Solomon Pell's instructions; and having filled up some printed forms, requested the party to follow him to the Bank, which they did: Mr. Weller and his three friends staring at all they beheld in unbounded astonishment, and Sam encountering every thing with a coolness which nothing could disturb.

Crossing a court-yard which was all noise and bustle; and passing a couple of porters who seemed dressed to match the red fire-engine which was wheeled away into a corner, they passed into an office where their business was to be transacted, where Pell and Mr. Flasher left them standing for a few moments, while they went up stairs into the Will Office.

"Wot place is this here?" whispered the mottled-faced gentleman to the elder Mr. Weller.

"Counsel's Office," replied the executor in a whisper.

"Wot are them gen'l'men a settin' behind the counters?" asked the hoarse coachman.

"Reduced counsels, I s'pose," replied Mr. Weller. "Ain't they the reduced counsels, Samivel?"

"Wy, you don't suppose the reduced counsels is alive, do you?" enquired Sam, with some disdain.

"How should I know?" retorted Mr. Weller; "I thought they looked very like it. Wot are they, then?"

"Clerks," replied Sam.

"Wot are they all a eatin' ham sangwidges for?" enquired his father.

"'Cos it's in their dooty, I suppose," replied Sam, "it's a part o' the system; they're alvays a doin' it here, all day long!"

Mr. Weller and his friends had scarcely had a moment to reflect upon this singular regulation as connected with the monetary system of the country, when they were rejoined by Pell and Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, who led them to a part of the counter above which was a round black board with a large "W" on it.

"Wot's that for, Sir?" enquired Mr. Weller, directing Pell's attention to the target in question.

"The first letter of the name of the deceased," replied Pell.

"I say," said Mr. Weller, turning round to the umpires. "There's somethin' wrong here. We's our letter—this won't do."

The referees at once gave it as their decided opinion that the business could not be legally proceeded with, under the letter W, and in all probability it would have stood over for one day at least, had it not been for the prompt though at first sight undutiful behaviour of Sam, who seizing his father by the skirt of the coat, dragged him to the counter, and pinned him there until he had affixed his signature to a couple of instruments, which from Mr. Weller's habit of printing, was a work of so much labour and time that the officiating clerk peeled and cut three Ripstone pippins while it was performing.

As the elder Mr. Weller insisted on selling out his portion forthwith, they proceeded from the Bank to the gate of the Stock Exchange, to which Wilkins Flasher, Esq., after a short absence, returned with a cheque on Smith, Payne, & Smith, for five hundred and thirty pounds, that being the sum of money to which Mr. Weller at the market price of the day, was entitled, in consideration of the balance of the second Mrs. Weller's funded savings. Sam's two hundred pounds stood transferred to his name, and Wilkins Flasher, Esq., having been paid his commission, dropped the money carelessly into his coat pocket, and lounged back to his office.

Mr. Weller was at first obstinately determined upon cashing the cheque in nothing but sovereigns; but on its being represented by the umpires that by so doing he must incur the expense of a small sack to carry them home in, he consented te receive the amount in five-pound notes.

"My son," said Mr. Weller as they came out of the banking-house, "my son and me has a wery partickler engagement this arternoon, and I should like to have this bis'ness settled out of hand, so let's jest go straight away someveres, vere ve can hordit the accounts."

A quiet room was soon found, and the accounts were produced and audited. Mr. Pell's bill was taxed by Sam, and some charges were disallowed by the umpires; but, notwithstanding Mr. Pell's declaration, accompanied with many solemn asseverations that they were really too hard upon him, it was by very many degrees the best professional job he had ever had, and one on which he boarded, lodged, and washed, for six months afterwards.

The umpires having partaken of a dram, shook hands and departed, as they had to drive out of town that night. Mr. Solomon Pell, finding that nothing more was going forward either in the eating or drinking way, took a most friendly leave; and Sam and his father were left alone.

"There," said Mr. Weller, thrusting his pocket book in his side pocket, "vith the bills for the lease and that, there's eleven hundred and eighty pound here. Now Samival, my boy, turn the horse's heads to the George and Wulter."

One of the latest instances of absence of mind, is that of a man, who on turning down the bed clothes at night to creep in, placed his candle in the bed and blew himself out.

Ohio papers are full of pork—swine—hogs—pigs—shoats—quarters—hams—and sausages. It is enough to make one squeal to read them.

Buffalo Commercial Adv.

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE IV.

In the year 1790, the principal gambling tables, or faro banks, were kept by titled ladies, who hesitated not to repair their shattered fortunes from the accruing profits; and it may be easily conjectured that these nocturnal meetings, although avowedly held for the purpose of gambling, were scenes of a far different description, frequented as they were by all the younger branches of the nobility and men of fortune, who were certain of meeting there with the most dashing Cyprians of the age, and also with some who were training up to that character, under the auspices of the patroness of the night.

The lady who was most conspicuous at this time at the head of her faro-table, was the celebrated (and we will add the infamous) Lady Archer. She was then under the protection of Mr. Errington, the cousin of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and it was by this gentleman that the Prince of Wales was introduced to the faro-table of Lady Archer. At this period her Ladyship was the mother of three lovely daughters, whom, from the laudable plea of not exposing them to the snares and temptations of the world, she kept in a state of almost monkish seclusion. But the real grounds for that mode of treatment was the loss of the income derivable from their fortunes, which was to be at the disposal of their mother until marriage. Vigilant, however, as the mother was, and strictly as she supposed that she was guarding the Hesperian fruit, two of her daughters, whilst her Ladyship was presiding at the faro-table, let young Love in at the window, and the mischievous urchin one night opening the door, they rushed into the arms of their lovers, and by their subsequent marriage Lady Archer lost the usufruct of their fortune. One, however, still remained—the loveliest of the three; and Lady Archer, fearing that she might follow the example of her sisters, determined that she should be her companion during her nocturnal revels; and thus was she introduced into a society in which female virtue was of no estimation, and in which it might with truth be said to have no existence at all.

The Prince of Wales saw the beautiful daughter of Lady Archer, and for a time the charms of Mrs. Fitzherbert were neglected by him. In this he had a very delicate and difficult part to act; for Mr. Errington was too watchful of his motions. He therefore looked around for an auxiliary of suitable dexterity for the occasion, and selected the Hon. Mrs. Hobart, an intimate friend of Lady Archer, to conduct the intrigue. This lady gave a grand masked fete at her superb villa in the vicinity of Fulham. The Prince appeared as a Bohemian nobleman, and paid particular attention to a lady dressed as a Savoyard, who was afterwards discovered to be the daughter of Lady Archer. Each lady had a lottery ticket given her by Mrs. Hobart on entering, and each drew a prize. The Duchess of Rutland drew the second highest; but the gross lot or first prize never went out of the wheel until the last lady that drew, and that Lady was Miss Archer. It was remarked that on opening her prize, a deep blush came over her countenance, and she became so confused, that Mrs. Hobart led her into an adjoining room, where they were soon joined by the Prince. The prize was a beautiful locket set round with diamonds, in the centre of which was "G. P." encircled with the motto—"L'amour est l'ange du monde." This meeting may be considered as the declaratory one of the Prince's passion for Miss Archer; and perhaps no female virtue ever withstood so nobly the incessant attacks of an assailant hitherto deemed irresistible.

On the morning after the fete, the Prince was sitting at breakfast, in company with Sheridan and Col. Hanger, when a small packet was delivered to him, which, on opening, he found to contain the locket that he, on the preceding night, had presented to Miss Archer. There was no notification, but these words written in the envelope—"La vertu est la felicite de la vie."

Notwithstanding this stern repulse, Mrs. Hobart went on, confident of her powers. She arranged the matter with the mother, quite unknown to the daughter. "The point is gained," said she to the Prince on a subsequent evening; "Archer is your's if you pay the price."

"Impossible," said he, "I cannot believe it; for she has sent back the present you so dexterously conveyed to her."

"I have arranged the matter with her mother," said she, "but the price, I must confess, is rather high."

"With her mother, did you say?" exclaimed the Prince—"with Lady Archer herself!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hobart; "and the terms are £300 a year for the life of the mother, and a settlement of £500 a year upon her daughter."

"And upon the fulfilment of those terms," said his Royal Highness, "Lady Archer consents to sacrifice her child?"

"It has been so stipulated," said Mrs. Hobart.

"Then," said the Prince, rising with indignation, "I renounce the business altogether. Such an act is scarcely heard of in history—it is too preposterous—too unnatural for me to entertain the thought for a moment. Whatever may be my libertine propensities, never shall posterity have to record of me that I could stoop to the infamy of bartering with a mother for the ruin of her daughter. I know not by what terms to stigmatize the conduct of Lady Archer; nor do I think that there is a word in the English language forcible enough to express my abhorrence of her character. If by any arts, stratagems, or promises, the ruin of a girl be accomplished, let the consequence fall on the head of the seducer; but to mingle with it the infamy of having purchased her innocence of her own mother, is an act that I would not have resting on my conscience to be possessed of all the beauties of a seraglio. Tell Lady Archer that the Prince of Wales declines her further acquaintance."

When Prince of Wales, he was one day so exceedingly urgent to have £800 at an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed that the moment the money arrived, the Prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and then walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity, and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the mysterious visit. An officer of the army, who had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission to the utter ruin of his family. The Prince by accident overheard an account of the case, and to prevent a worthy soldier from suffering, he procured; and that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure lodging-house in a court near Covent Garden for one of the inmates, he was shewn up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, and give some account of himself in future; saying which he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

A CRUSTY BACHELOR.

An old friend of mine, Doctor Doldrum, of Dorchester—rich, snug, incumbent of a fine fat living, and a bachelor, was regularly hunted by the old maids and widows of his neighborhood. His house only wanted a lady to take care of it, and accordingly he was never left at rest upon this important topic.

One, however, of these anxious creatures took the lead of the others; and when he once happened to be seized with a serious illness, she resolved upon nursing him, which she did most assiduously—aye, and kindly too. He began to recover; but the listlessness of fever hung about him; and although his doctors ordered him to get up every day, there he lay, indolent and weak, and so he went on for a week or more, without once leaving his nest.

"Pray try and get up, doctor," said the attentive Mrs. Mantrap.

"I am too weak, ma'am," said the doctor, "I will to-morrow!"

"Fine day," said Mrs. Mantrap, "beautiful breeze, let Thomas wheel you into the garden!"

"I can't, ma'am," said the doctor, "I'm too weak."

"Do, doctor."

"No, ma'am, no," said Doldrum.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Mantrap, losing patience with her patient, "will nothing make you get out of bed?"

"No ma'am," said the doctor with a deep sigh and look of despair—"nothing—except, indeed, your getting into it."

This brusquerie broke off the acquaintance, and Doldrum died in a state of single blessedness.

THE ROYAL STUD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOHN BULL.

Hampton Court, Sept. 29, 1837.

Sir,—Several inaccurate lists having been published of the horses about to be disposed of from the Royal Stud, I request you to add the following, since, as there are "many foreigners already arrived to make purchases," the undermentioned may be disposed of separately, or in the lot, a very great bargain, being drafted from the Royal Stud as being of no further service.

No. 1. Johnny, a Devonshire cab. by Pamphleteer, out of Tragedy, a lively animal, but only adapted to a light weight, terribly over-matched in his late engagements.

2. Rice (aged), an Irish horse, capabilities unknown, not warranted. He has a colt in the market, by Theodocia.

3. Mulgrave, by Yes-or-No, out of Matilda, a showy horse, fit for the Park, but not for work—broke down by his Irish trainer.

STALLIONS.

Lamb (formerly Glenarvon), and in one of the first stables in this country, but bought cheap by the present trainer; has been worked off his legs in the Royal Mail, and broke down once or twice; requires blistering, and *turning out*.

Palmerston, by Cupid, out of Protocol's dam; a wonderful old horse, easy to drive; but parted with, being no longer fit for a lady's use.

The following has been sent in for sale, not belonging to the Stud:—

O'Beggerman, by Blusterer (Irish), only requires *firing*.

Several raw unbroken colts, fresh from the straw yard, to be sold with all blemishes.

A farmer being asked whether he intended to marry his daughter to a Major in the Army, 'No,' he replied, 'I do not like the *drill* system of *husbandry*.'

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1838.

☞ Secretaries of Jockey Clubs, and gentlemen who are anxious that the performance of their horses should be recorded in our Annual List of Winners, are earnestly requested to forward all reports of races that have not appeared in our columns. We do all we can to report races for ourselves by attending, or sending agents, to all the great meetings. But for the greater number of races, we are obliged to rely on subscribers and correspondents. Our tables will be completed for early Nos. of our next volume, which commences Feb. 17th, and there is no time to be lost in collecting our materials.

We are happy to hear that the celebrated imported horse *Emancipation*, by Whisker, dam by Androssan, has been selected to occupy *Rowton's* stand, at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season, and $120 to insure.

We call the attention of Breeders to the advertisement of Sweepstakes over the Kendall Course. We trust they will fill up handsomely.

Erratum.—An error was made in our last number in giving the blood stock of Mr. Cryer, of Tennessee. The stock belongs to Mr. Hardy M. Cryer, and not as was said, to Mr. Hall Cryer, which was misprinted from H. M. Cryer.

The Turf Register for January is before us. It is the first number of the ninth volume, and we think it is much improved in appearance. We have found in it various articles of interest, one or two of which we will give soon in our own columns. Henceforth the Register will be published monthly, as formerly.

Pedigree of a Mare belonging to Mr. Presley Shroyer, *of Jonesboro', Mo.*—Chesnut mare, now 5 years old, fifteen and a half hands high. Got by Gohanna, out of Lady Berkeley by Trafalgar, grandam Rosalba by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. grandam the Imp. mare Alexandria, g. grandam to Mary Randolph.

☞ We have just received the amount of Purses to be run for over the Hampton Course, Ga.:—1st day, Sweepstakes, sub. $1000, 6 subs.; 2d day, Silver Plate, $250, with $150 added; 3d day, $600; 4th day, $1500; 5th day, $500; total, $9000. [For distance see last page.]

CHARLOTTE RUSSE AND BLUE BLACK.

Augusta, (Ga.) Jan. 1st, 1838.

Dear P.—I have seen in your valuable and interesting paper an account of the Columbia (S. C.) races, in which was described the race between *Charlotte Russe* and *Blue Black;* but that description was like the handle of a jug, all on one side: for the writer was careful to paint in the most brilliant colors the triumph of the mare, without allusion to the accident that happened to Blue Black, (or the "Georgia crack," as he was called,) but for which accident he would have proved himself the "Georgia crack" indeed.

Suffering under the misfortune of having his ankle slipped out of place in the race, it was not to be supposed he could have contended with any success. You could have heard his ankle crack as he walked after the race, at the distance of at least 50 yards, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could get him home. It is my positive opinion that he gave way in the first half mile of the race. I believe that I, or any one who knew the powers of Blue Black, would cheerfully go a thousand miles to see any horse, mare, or gelding in creation that could beat B. B. 40 yards in 3 miles, when his legs were sound, and he in good condition. It is true, under these circumstances, that Charlotte Russe beat Blue Black, but that does not prove her the better nag, nor will I believe that she, or any of the Carolina "cracks," are better horses than he, until they run 2 mile heats in 3:46 each heat, under a pull. This it is well known B. B. has done. I have no doubt if his leg had not failed, he would have made the race in better time by four seconds than ever was made over that course. It will be perceived by the above statement of facts, that the writer to whom I have referred, though he has given a beautiful and spirited description of the race, has done injustice to my horse in failing to mention the fact, that he let down whilst running; and I am the more surprised at this, as it was known at the time by fifty or a hundred persons of those present most interested in the sport.

The fact of being beat by as fine a nag as Charlotte Russe, I do not mind; but all that I require for myself and horse is justice. Blue Black's defeat, however, cost the Carolinians dear in the *long run;* for, taking courage at their success against the "Georgia crack," they bet high on the 2 mile day over the Lafayette Course, at this place, on the Carolina nag (Kitty Heth), against Turnbull, who beat *her* with ease; and here let it be remembered, that Turnbull was B. B.'s competitor in a match, 2 mile heats, for $1000 aside, a short time before, and was beaten by him with perfect ease (time each heat, 3:46); but the respectable run that Turnbull made in this fine race gave me confidence in the horse, and I was therefore among the fortunate who backed him against Kitty, and was consequently a sharer in the spoils. But the result of this race afforded me more pleasure from the fact, that it served to defend the cause of Blue Black than from all other considerations.

There is another circumstance to which I will allude. The writer to whom I have referred speaks of the magnanimity of Col. Hampton (and justly too), in trotting his horses through the poles on the Columbia Course, to enable his competitors to save their distance. But the generous Colonel had no opportunity at our last races, of exercising such magnanimity, for he won but one Jockey Club Purse, and though that race was not very closely contested, there was no time for trotting.

In conclusion, I will inform the Carolinians, that though B. B. is done, I have still horse-flesh enough remaining to give them fine sport at the first meeting over the Hampton Course in Feb. next. I regret to say that Capt. Edmondson has sent his stable of horses to Alabama, and will not be present at those races, and I may be left alone to stand the storm of competition for Georgia, which I will do with spirit, if not with success, whilst I have a sound hoof and leg in my stable.

Yours respectfully, M. L. Hammond.

Note.—Mr. Hammond should have set the Columbia papers right about the above race. It was from that source we derived our chief materials, and had they, or our correspondents, alluded to Blue Black's breaking down, we should have noticed it assuredly. We are glad "Old Hammond" keeps his spirits up, and wish him all the success his nags can win.—Ed.

SPORTING LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Tallahasse, (Fla.) Dec. 27, 1837

Mr. Porter—Dear Sir,—The report of the races at this place, which came off on the 20th inst., I presume you have received; and although we cannot boast of a large field, or many *crack* horses, we had most charming weather,—a track in most excellent preparation,—a fine show of beauty and fashion, and the best order.

Our Indian difficulties had broken in upon our sports, and our club was dormant for a year or two, and the present show of sport was got up to call the members of our club together, for the purpose of re-organizing it, and were confined to horses owned in Florida, consequently we had but two really fine ones,—Col. Pittman's Francis Marion, the winner of the colts' sweepstakes, of $1000 subscription, in 1833, and Mr. Lorimer's Timoleon colt, Jumper, he has fine size, and promises to make a valuable horse. We had some very fine looking colts, but they have yet to win a reputation.

Our club is now organized under very favorable auspices. Jesse H. Willis, Esq., was elected President, Jas. H. T. Lorimer, Esq., 1st Vice President, Turbett R. Betton, Esq., 2d Vice President, Thos. Brown, Secretary.

We have got up for our next meeting very good sweepstakes, and our purses will be very respectable, all of which will be communicated to you for publication in due time.

By an order of the Club, the course here is called the "Marion Course, in honor of Francis Marion, winner of the large sweepstakes. B.

Goodwood Races.—Two valuable Produce Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, have been made for 1840 and 1841. There are 41 subscribers to the first, and 54 to the other—not a bad sign.

TALLAHASSEE (Flo.) FALL RACES.

Over the *Marion Course*, commenced on Wednesday, 20th Dec., and continued four days. The track was in good order, and just one mile round, by accurate measurement, 3 feet from the poles, or inner circle, but not very favorable for quick time, having two places in it, about 100 yards long, of deep sand.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, raised in Florida; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs Five subs at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Richard Hayward's (Benjamin R. Taylor's) b. c. *Stingaree*, by Andrew Jackson, dam by Sir Archie	1	2	1
Col. Jas. J. Pittman's b. c. *Jim Boy*, by John Henry, dam by Sir Archie	4	4	2
Judge J. Robinson's gr. g. *Frozenhead*, by Conqueror, out of Betty Palafox	2	1	3
Gen. Thos Brown's b. c. *John Gascoigne*, by John Randolph's Gascoigne, dam by Virginian	3	3	4
Robt. S Hackley's nomination	pd.ft.		

Time, 2:00—2:01—2:07.

John Gascoigne was decidedly the favorite, though the friends of Stingaree were free to back him for the first heat. Frozenhead had received an injury on the knee of the fore leg, which caused his friends to be doubtful of him, and but for that they had great confidence in him. John Gascoigne had trained unkindly, and his owner expressed great doubt of his conduct.

They all came to the stand in good order, and made a very handsome show, for our new country. Frozenhead had the track, Jim Boy 2d, Stingaree 3d, and John Gascoigne 4th. At the tap of the drum they all got off well together, and before they made the turn into the back stretch, John Gascoigne had the lead, followed closely by Frozenhead and Stingaree, Jim Boy at ease some thirty yards behind. At a lively lick they went it round the next turn, and into the quarter stretch home, when John gave back, and Frozenhead got a clear length ahead of him, but before they reached the distance post, Stingaree challenged him, making a spirited brush, and gained the heat by about half a length, John Gascoigne close up, Jim Boy dropping just within the distance.

Second Heat.—They all cooled off well and appeared at the stand, except Stingaree, who became quite unmanageable, and was with difficulty persuaded to make his appearance;—they at length got off with a bad start, Jim Boy getting some fifty feet ahead; but before they reached the back stretch, they were in about the same position as in the first heat, and going at the top of their speed, when John again, concluding that he had done running enough, slackened his pace, in defiance of the persuaders, and a severe contest ensued between Stingaree and Frozenhead, the latter taking the heat by about two feet, Jim Boy again just within the distance post.

Third Heat.—After the usual time they again came up in good spirits, except Stingaree, who seemed to have imbibed a great aversion to the Judges' stand. After much difficulty, between coaxing and forcing, he was brought to toe the mark, and all went off at a killing pace from the score, John Gascoigne again taking the lead, and Jim Boy, who seemed to have become tired of travelling alone, went up in the crowd with a spirit that told there was to be no tarrying on the way. Down the back stretch they went all in a bunch, round the turn, through the sand up to the quarter stretch home. Here again, as in the other two heats, the obstinate John refused to go, and the other three had it all to themselves;—up the straight side they come—anybody's heat—Stingaree wins it—and of course the purse—by two feet ahead of Jim Boy, Frozenhead close up.

THURSDAY, Dec. 21—Jockey Club Purse $250, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. Richard Hayward's (Mr Lorimer's) ch. h. *Jumper*, by Timoleon, out of Diana Vernon by Herod, 5 yrs	1
E. G. May's b. g. *Loritard*, pedigree not given, 5 yrs	dist.
Thos. Brown's (Mr. Pilgrim's) gr. g. *Trooper*, by Conqueror, out of Betty Palafox ..	dr

Time, 4:04.

When the horses made their appearance at the starting-post, it was discovered that Trooper was dead lame, having been pricked in plating. He was consequently drawn, and this put an end to all interest in the race for the day; as it was well understood that Loritard could not make a *jump* with Jumper, and so it turned out.

FRIDAY, Dec. 22—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Col. Jas. J. Pittman's ch. h. *Francis Marion*, by Marion—Malvina by Sir Archie, aged	1	1
Maj. Richard Hayward's ch. h. *Jumper*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2
Thos. Brown's b. c. *John Gascoigne*, " " 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:05—6:35.

By the Rules of the Club, Jumper could not have been allowed to enter for this day's purse, having won the Jockey Club Purse of yesterday, but his owner being desirous to measure strength with so distinguished a horse as Francis Marion, in a three mile race, proposed to add $150 to the Purse for the privilege of running him, to which Col. Pittman, with his accustomed liberality, acceded. As for John Gascoigne, it was well understood that he was not entered with any expectation of winning in a three mile race with the veteran Francis Marion; but having trained unkindly, and proved stubborn in the Sweepstakes on Wednesday, he was put in as a mere experiment, with the intention of drawing him if he showed fatigue.

First Heat.—Jumper had the track, John Gascoigne next, and Francis Marion third. They went off well together, and for the first mile Jumper had the lead, Francis and John close up. Upon the turn in the 2d mile John Gascoigne, thinking he had gone far enough, stopped, and before he could be got under way again, was dropped 300 yards behind. On the back stretch Francis Marion passed Jumper, and again fell behind him, until the beginning of the 3d mile, when he again took possession of his rights, and maintained them to the end of the heat.

Second Heat.—They both evidently were *waiting on*, and *feeling of*, each other, and made no running until the last mile, which was done in 2.00, and will account for the time of that heat.

SATURDAY, Dec. 23—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages, weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. Hayward's ch. h. *Jumper*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Thos. Brown's gr. g. *Trooper*, " "	2	2	2

Time, 2:05—2:06—2:04.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; weights as before; 3 subs. at $20 each; Mile heats.

Thomas Brown's b. g. *German*, pedigree not given, 5 yrs	1	1
Richard Hayward's ch. g. *Bluster*, " " " 5 yrs	3	2
Mr. Wilder's ch. g. *Cowdriver*, " " " 5 yrs	2	3

Time, 2:01—2:04.

This was a very interesting race, and well contested throughout both heats, and closed the sports for this meeting.

The weather was charming, and drew out a very fine display of beauty and fashion, and the best order and decorum was maintained.

Thos. Brown, *Secretary & Proprietor.*

WARRENTON (N. C.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 3 subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edmund Townes' (Nath. T. Green's) b. c. *Duane*, by Hedgeford, dam by Washington	1	1
James J. Harrison's (Claiborne's) ch. c. by Eclipse, [dam omitted]	3	2
Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Mons. Tonson [dam omitted]	2	dis

Time, 1:55—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John C. Claiborne's b. f. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	1	1
David McDaniel's ch. h. *Red Wasp*, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 5 yrs	3	2
Edward B. Hicks' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 3 yrs	5	3
William M. West's ch. g. *Isham Puckett*, by Arab, dam by Shawnee, aged	4	4
Dr. Henry Lewis' br. c. *Drumgoole*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs	2	dis

Time, 3:55—3:55.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20, free for all ages, weights as before; Three mile heats.

Wm. M. West's (McDaniel's) b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.	1	1
William McCargo's b. m *Sally Eubanks*, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, aged	2	2
James J. Harrison's b. m. *Lady Green*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	3	3
Edmund Townes' gr. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Director, 3 yrs	4	4

Time, 6:21—6:17. Raining, and track heavy. [Turf Register.]

☞ We received at too late an hour for insertion on Friday, some valuable communications, from Oak Lane, from Salisbury, from B. at W., and from the "Knobs." We announce them thus that the writers may be able to account for their non appearance.

BEAUTIES OF THE MAIL.

Greenville, S. C., Jan. 2, 1838.

Dear Sir—I am sorry that I am put to the necessity of discontinuing your paper; but I can assure you it is not because the paper fails to fulfil my expectations; I am more than pleased with the Spirit of the Times, and the manner in which it is conducted. My reason for stopping the paper is this,—I cannot get the paper under four weeks after it is out of print, and sometimes it is longer.—I will stop it for this year, and by the next, probably the arrangement as regards post offices, &c., will be somewhat better managed.

Yours, with respect, *****

HORSES IN TENNESSEE.

We are most happy to hear of the interest felt in horses in this State. A friend writes us of Mr. Polk's stock, &c. &c.,

Mount Pleasant, Dec. 27, 1837.

Sir—Mr. Polk's blood stock has arrived, all in good condition. The horse *Fop* is a beautiful creature, and I think will propagate good stock: his crosses are all pure, and fashionable, and I think he will be a popular stallion.

The Muley fillies *are not pretty*, but the foal of one, being out of Calypso, the full sister to Comus, and the other out of a Cadmus mare, and she out of Margrave's dam, must insure, not only pure stock, but good race horses.

The Stumps filly is, according to my judgment, cast in the race-horse mould. She was purchased at the King's sale last Spring, and is out of Variella, by Blacklock (full sister to Voltaire).

Major Hickman Lewis and Dr. Whitlock, have purchased a portion of the interest belonging to a Tennessee company, in Luzborough, and have taken him to Limestone Co., Alabama, where he will make his next season, at $100, as I understand from Maj. Lewis. Skylark will be located at Nashville, Merman at McMinville, Leviathan and Lapdog at Gallatin, Fop at Mount Pleasant, and Shakspeare, at Whale's stand, in the western District (Hurt's). Margrave and Whale have returned to the Old Dominion; Pacific occupies his old stand at D. W. Sumner's; Hugh L. White, by Leviathan, recently purchased, at $6,400, will stand at Canack's, near Sparta; so you see, if we don't get race horses in Tennessee, "*it won't be for the lack of trying.*" Yours, &c. ****

FLINTOFT'S IMPORTATIONS.

Letter from a Sporting Merchant abroad.

[Per Hibernia.] Liverpool, 25th Nov., 1837.

W. T. Porter, Editor of the Spirit of the Times, New York.

Under care of the owner, Mr. Thos. Flintoft, were this day shipped, per Kensington, for New Orleans, brown horse, Philip, by Filho da Puta, a winner of upwards of twenty stakes and plates, mostly c. heats; brown horse Mordecai, by Lottery, a 3 yr. old, who has to earn a reputation in your country as a racer, and should he ever equal his brother, Red Rover, will be good; a white bull, Sampson, by ——, a prize beast; a red cow, and a Spanish Jackass, all, I trust, to land safe.

This information may or may not be worthy of notice to you, but as an opportunity occurs of handing it free, I send it, as some return for the pleasure derived from your acct., just received per Pennsylvania, of the 4 mile day at Long Island. Well done, Lady Clifden! and very ditto! the three-year-old Picton! nay, ditto, ditto, all!

We shall have to send to you for timers in racing, as well as trotting, if you go on progressively; still, not this century. Yours with respect, V. C.

LIST OF BLOOD STOCK,

IMPORTED BY ALLEN J. DAVIE, OF HILLSBORO', N. C.

No. 1. *Lurcher*, a bay horse, fifteen and a half hands high, 5 years old. He was got by Greyleg, dam Harpalice by Gohanna—Amazon by Driver—Fractious by Mercury—mare by Woodpecker—Everlasting by Eclipse—Hyena by Snap—Miss Belsea by Regulus—Honeywood's Arabian—Byerly Turk mare, dam of the two True Blues.

Those conversant with the English Stud Book, will at once perceive his near connection to the celebrated Tramp, and his close affinity to Old Imp. Medley—he can have no higher recommendation.

2. *Puzzle*, a brown bay horse, 16 hands high, 6 years old. He was got by Reveller, his dam by Juniper—Trimbush by Teddy the Grinder—Princess by Sir Peter—Dungannon—Turf—Herod—Golden Grove by Blank—Widrington mare.

This horse is most fashionably bred, and has an unusual number of crosses from the Godolphin Arabian.

3. *Doris*, ch. f. 3 years old, 15 hands 3 inches high. She was got by The Colonel, dam Arethusa by Quiz—Persepolis by Alexander—Sister to Tickle Toby by Alfred—Celia by Herod—Proserpine—Sister to Eclipse by Marske—Spiletta by Regulus—Mother Western by Smith—Son of Snake—Lord Darcy's Old Montegue—Hautboy—Brimmer.

4. *Ringlet*, b. f. fifteen and a half hands high, 3 years old. She was got by The Colonel, dam Adeline by Soothsayer—Elizabeth by Orville—Penny Trumpet by Trumpator—Young Camilla—Sister to Colibri by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Snake mare—Old Wilks by Old Hautboy.

5. *Likeness*, ch. f. fifteen and a half hands high, 3 years old. Got by Peter Lely, dam Worthless by Walton—Altisidora by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot8os—Young Camilla,—then her pedigree same as the preceding.

6. *Tulip*, ch. f. fifteen hands high, 2 years old. Got by St. Patrick, dam Manca by Merlin—Specie by Scud—Quail by Gohanna—Certhia by Woodpecker—Trentham—Cunnegond by Blank—Cullen Arabian—Patriot—Brother to Grantham—Pullein's Chesnut Arabian—Spanker.

7. *Hyacinth*, ch. f. 1 year old, fine size. Got by Barytes, dam Zafra by Partisan—Zaida, sister to Houghton Lass by Sir Peter—Alexina by King Fergus—Lardelly by Young Marske—Cade, Beaupermont's dam, by brother to Fearnought—Miss Windham by Windham—Belgrade Turk—Makeless—Brimmer.

These horses were selected by Mr. Davie, when in England, and purchased by a friend of his now there. No better bred nags have ever been imported, and from the blood, form, and age of the fillies, there is little question they would race successfully if trained here.

These fillies are now at Hillsboro', N. C., and may be bought at fair prices, and on a credit.

Lurcher will stand in Halifax, N. C., and Puzzle in Patrick, Va.

Turf Register.

NEW ORLEANS STREET RACE.

We copy the following report of this spirited affair from the Picayune. We do not attempt to report races of a similar character in this city, they having become quite too common.

A match race in harness,—single dash of four squares,—came off on Wednesday in Magazine-street. The three following entries were made, viz:—a white man entered a horse and dray, number of the dray and pedigree of the horse unknown; a negro entered two of his master's mules and cart, tandem; another negro entered a pair of oxen, also attached to a cart. The race was purely legitimate, sanctioned by law, for silence gives consent. The different competitors did not exactly start at the same time and place, but joined in as the hindmost came along. Little money changed hands, as it appeared a private affair altogether.

The Start.—The horse and dray led off with a perfect rush, and on their own account, from the corner of Poydras and Magazine-streets, the drayman going hard in hand the first square. At the corner of Girod-street the mules joined in, and the race was beautifully contested.

They locked wheels twice on the stretch between Girod and Julia-streets, and you might have covered them with a blanket, provided it had been wide enough. Near the corner the tandem team began to act a little *mulish*, and although their jockey did everything in his power to keep them moving, thy finally fetched up in the gutter all standing—the horse and dray passing them with a perfect looseness. Mules are constitutionally self-willed and notional, and to this circumstance we may attribute their sudden stoppage.

The horse and dray were now again running on their own account. The horse appeared a little jaded, the dray all the time keeping close at his heels, although it was thought that it would be compelled to haul off on account of the rottenness of the harness. After passing Julia-street, the oxen, who had been quietly chewing their cuds, now, either from emulation or fright, more probably the latter, started off "full chisel," side and side with the other establishment. The race now became intensely interesting. The oxen had been enjoying a long resting spell, and were as fresh and good as new. The horse had the feet of them all to pieces, but he had been doing his best, and his wind was getting scarce. At this state of the game a little nig, who had been playing in the dirt in the middle of the street, came near being run over; but the oxen fortunately gave a sheer, and he escaped, badly scared, but not hurt in the least. As they neared the corner of St. Joseph-street, it was "pull Dick, pull devil" all round—nose and horns, dray and cart—impossible to tell which was which, or which was ahead. At this moment a large and furious dog ran out barking from an adjoining house, flew at the oxen, gave them an additional impetus, and they won the race by the tips of their horns. The different vehicles were more or less injured by coming in collision. Time, including stoppages and breakages, 10:42. Nobody hurt, but many women and children badly frightened. The day was beautiful, and the street in good condition for running. The attendance was good considering the short notice given of the race.

English Sporting Intelligence.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

THE DERBY.

The public days at Tattersall's since our last have not been altogether blank or without effect. On Monday the report made in our last week's Paper, that the Cobweb colt was "all right," was corroborated by the betting: 12 to 1 was taken, and several offers have since been made to back him at the same price.—Cracker has been backed for a considerable amount at less than half the odds obtained at Newmarket: he was purchased out of Mr. Tattersall's extensive stud at Dawley, and is greatly fancied by his owner. Two or three weeks since we alluded to a rumor that either Cobham or the colt out of Nonplus's dam was amiss, at the same time hazarding an opinion that it was the latter: it would seem that we were correct, as 9 to 1 in fifties, and 17 to 2 in ponies, against Cobham and The Early Bird conjointly, were taken on Thursday by safe men.—We do not find any other changes of sufficient importance to require comment. The following are the latest prices:—

9 to 1 agst.	d'Egville	20 to 1 agst.	Volunteer
11 to 1 ——	Cobweb	22 to 1 ——	Marinella
17 to 1 ——	The Early Bird (tak.)	40 to 1 ——	Bullion (tak. 50 to 1)
17 to 1 ——	Grey Momus	3600 to 200 ——	Cracker (taken)

MANGO AND THE NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London. Hanover-square, Nov. 15, 1837.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you can spare room for the insertion of the enclosed correspondence, which has been occasioned by an article in the last number of the Sporting Magazine, conveying very offensive insinuations against me.

I am, Sir, your obedient serv't, C. C. GREVILLE.

Buckenham, Nov. 5, 1837.

SIR,—I have just seen in the last number of "The Sporting Magazine," under the head of "First October Meeting," a statement with regard to my horse Mango; the object of which is to create an impression that Mango having met with a slight accident, I (or my trainer) had endeavored to make it believed that the horse had broken down, in order to convert such erroneous notion to my pecuniary advantage. I therefore request you will supply me with the name of the person who writes under the signature of "Craven," and I shall at once acquaint you with my object in requiring this information:—It is my intention to submit the article in question to my brother stewards, and to invite "Craven" to prove before them the truth of the statement he has thought fit to make. When it shall have been shown (as it assuredly will) that it is utterly untrue from beginning to end, I shall ask their concurrence in having him warned off the course at Newmarket, in order to mark in the most public manner their reprobation of this false and malicious libel.—You will be pleased to address your reply to Gunton, Norwich. I am, Sir, &c., C. C. GREVILLE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

Sporting Mag Office, Warwick-square.

SIR,—We received your letter this morning, and instantly referred to the passage pointed out as objectionable in our last number; but we do not see that it at all bears the construction put upon it by you. However, it has been forwarded to the gentleman who writes under the signature of "Craven;" and you will doubtless receive a satisfactory reply in a few days, as he is at present out of town. I am, &c., J. V. PITTMAN.

To the Hon. C. C. Greville.

Gunton, Nov. 7, 1827.

SIR,—As you have communicated with the gentleman who writes under the signature of "Craven" upon the subject of my letter, and as I am to expect a reply from him, I have to request that it may be sent to my house in London. You say that, "you do not see that the article at all bears the construction put upon it by me." That being your opinion, (and as I presume it is intended to carry some meaning,) I should like to know what the construction is which you do put upon it. I am, &c., C. C. GREVILLE.

To Mr. J. V. Pittman.

Sporting Mag. Office, Nov. 8th, 1837.

SIR,—You will by this time have received Craven's answer to your letter dated the 5th, which we presume will render any further explanation from us unnecessary. I am, &c., J. V. PITTMAN.

To the Hon. C. C. Greville.

Sporting Magazine Office, Nov. 8th, 1837.

SIR,—A note addressed by you to the Editor of "The Sporting Magazine" has just been handed to me. It is not customary for proprietors of periodicals to give up the names of their contributors; therefore, your request not being complied with in the present instance is no mark of individual discourtesy. Let me, however, disclaim all desire to shield myself from the consequence of any statement I put forth, under the protection of the anonymous character in which it appears. Had you sought my name for the purpose of claiming a personal explanation, or holding me personally liable to you for that which you might construe into offence, you would not have had to complain of any want of alacrity in being supplied with it. But you have declared your intention to submit to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, in their public capacity, a paragraph emanating from me as a public writer—in that relation I shall deal with it. How an offensive interpretation, as regards the proprietor, can be drawn from the notice of the fluctuation of the odds upon Mango, for the Newmarket Leger, which appeared in "The Sporting Magazine" for the present month, it is not for me to suggest; but I do most distinctly state that, neither directly nor by inference, can such intention attach to my allusion of it. What statement am I called upon to prove or support? Where is there a sentence in the account of the First October Meeting to the effect that Mr. Greville or his trainer "had endeavored to make it believed that the horse had broke down, in order to convert such erroneous notion to his (Mr. Greville's) pecuniary advantage?" Sir, that I have written to that purpose I deny—and also the right of any individual to impute motives to me.

That it was current at Newmarket that Mango had broken down, and that 20 to 1 were the odds against him for the Leger there on the evening preceding that race, I have stated—and so did every journal in the kingdom: further, that I expressed astonishment that a trainer should not be able to decide between what is called a break-down, "generally a fatal muscular injury," and a mere bruise; and also that, with the knowledge of the reports in circulation, did he know that his horse suffered only from a "slight accident," it would have been more courteous to have so stated, instead of, as the papers of the day had it, "keeping his own counsel," is true. In what way does this affix to you any sinister object?

Here I would close this very unpleasant correspondence, but that there remains a part of your note which I cannot pass in silence.

Since my connection with the Turf, in my present capacity, it has ever been the view of my humble efforts to uphold its interests, and to do honor to its legitimate supporters. The latter has been done in no servile spirit. I have given my opinion that a trainer is expected to know the difference between a bruise and a break down; and, therefore, the Stewards of the Jockey Club are to be invited to "warn me off the course." Sir, did my tenure of permission to go on the heath at Newmarket depend upon my withholding from the public such observations as I deem suitable to the purpose with which I visit it, I should consider the privilege a reproach. I have disclaimed the meaning that you desire to attach to my allusion to your horse and the late Newmarket Leger; and I conclude with the hope that, in the zeal of a public writer, I may never compromise my truth or my courtesy. I am, &c., "CRAVEN."

To the Hon. C. C. Greville.

Gunton, Nov. 9th, 1837.

SIR,—As you decline to give up your real name, I am compelled to reply to your letter in that which you have assumed. I charged you with casting a foul and unanswerable imputation upon me, and instead of having the decency to atone for so doing, you make a half-shuffling, half-blustering attempt to evade the accusation. In answer to your question—"Where is there a sentence in the account of the First October Meeting to the effect that Mr. Greville or his trainer had endeavored to make it believed that the horse had broke down, in order to convert such erroneous notion to his pecuniary advantage?" I quote the following passage, upon which nothing but the merest quibbling can pretend to put any other construction—"It was announced that Mango would go for the Leger; but, 'among the 'select,' this seemed to have been anticipated, and made no change in their looks or books. Something intended to be received as an explanation of the impression *sent abroad* of that horse having broke down was given out; but I must be permitted to say that it was the lowest part of the whole business in my estimate. The explanation was to the effect that the trainer, Mr. Dilly, who first pronounced the case a break down, presently discovered that it was merely a bruise of the foot, or some trifle of the kind. When the discovery was effected is not stated; but at whatever time it was so providentially made, no notice of the circumstance was issued to the public 'till it could no longer be kept, and when it was no longer useful to conceal it.'" The only excuse (as far as I am concerned) that you could possibly urge for this gross misstatement would be, that you were not present at the events which you pretend to describe as an eye-witness; for, if you really were at Newmarket, you must have known of your own knowledge that there was not a syllable of truth in any one of the facts of your narrative. You must have known that it was not universally current on Tuesday evening that Margo had broken down; but on the contrary, that on Monday everybody at Newmarket was aware of the exact state of the case, and aware also that I had repeatedly said, that I could not decide till Wednesday morning whether he would start for the St. Leger or not. You must have known that there was no "report that the horse had been out after dusk—the fact of which was kept for all whom it might concern;" and it was your business to know (since you profess to instruct the public in these matters) that the horse walked down to the course on Tuesday while the races were running, and galloped on the course as soon as they were over. It is not true that Mr. Dilly ever "pronounced the case a break down." It is not true that any such "impression" was ever "sent abroad:" and equally untrue that any "attempt at explanation" ever took place on the subject; and you must have known that there never was any "course of exchange" of "a poney to a pound;" nor any betting at all till the morning of the race, after it was declared that Mango would start. If, therefore, you were not present, you have been guilty of a gross imposition on the public; and if you were present, you have wilfully and deliberately published a false and malicious libel on me. On the horns o this dilemma I shall leave you; and have only to add, that as you do not choose to reveal your name, I must endeavor to find it out by some other means; and if I succeed in so doing, I shall adopt the course of which I have already apprised you. I am, &c.,

To "Craven." C. C. GREVILLE.

In reference to the above correspondence, we can take upon ourselves to assert, that nothing occurred at Newmarket which could warrant the offensive insinuations contained in the statement complained of by Mr. Greville. We have consulted several persons who were present, and every one agrees with us that the horse was known to be lame, and that although some, ever ready to make the most of things, aggravated his lameness into a break-down, no such report emanated from the stable, or any party connected with it, nor was any attempt made to take advantage of it. It is true that 2 to 1 was quoted against him on the evening preceding the race, but it was a nominal price, there was no betting, no desire to bet. It was not until Wednesday morning that, acting on the opinion of Mr. Barrow, the veterinary surgeon, it was decided to run, nor was it till then that any business was done in the race. We repeat, nothing took place which could by possibility prejudice the public, or justify the imputations conveyed in the statement published in the "Sporting Magazine."—*Ed. Bell's Life.*

The following letter appeared in "The Times" of Monday last:—

"*To the Editor of The Times:*—

SIR—May I beg that you will favor me by inserting an explanation of a paragraph in "Bell's Life," of to-day, which might materially injure me if left unanswered until that paper is again published, which is my only excuse for trespassing upon your columns. In observing upon a correspondence given at length between Mr. Greville and myself, the Editor states that the odds upon Mr. Greville's horse Mango, for the Newmarket St. Leger, never exceeded 2 to 1, and that merely nominally. In that paper, of the 8th Oct., there is this passage on the betting on that race—"20 to 1 was actually betted that he would not run any more this season." I leave the Editor to reconcile this as he may. Should he shelter himself by asserting that the latter quotation was an error of the press or the reporter, the public will be the best referee. The correspondence at large will be dealt with in due course. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"CRAVEN.

"Sporting Magazine Office, Warwick-square, Nov. 19, 1837."

We shall have no difficulty in "reconciling this" without "sheltering" ourselves under "an error of the press or the reporter," and without any dread of so formidable a referee as the public, albeit we do not see how the variance in the figures can bear out "Craven's" insinuations against Mr. Greville. That 2 to 1 was the nominal price against Mango, the evening previous to the race, we ascertained from several parties who were present, from whom, as well as from the public journals, so unwisely referred to by Craven, we also gathered that no business whatever was done on it. The 20 to 1 which is made so much of by Craven, was a solitary bet at a tavern, and is so worded that no one conversant with racing matters would have taken it as a market-price. Craven's objection, in short, is so perfectly ridiculous that we should not have troubled ourselves about it at all, had not a passage in his letter to Mr. Greville caught our attention. It runs thus:—

"That it was current at Newmarket that Mango had broken down, and that 20 to 1 were the odds against him for the Leger there on the evening preceding that race, I have stated, and so did every journal in the kingdom"!!

Now it happens, rather unfortunately for Craven's veracity, and doubly so after his bold attempt to correct us, that in none of the morning, evening, or country papers, is there any quotation at all of odds "the evening preceding the race;" they simply allude to Mango's lameness, and the doubt as to his running—a tolerably strong proof that there could have been no betting on the race, for all the daily papers have regular returns of the betting at Newmarket during the meetings. Having "dealt" with this mighty discovery at large, we leave Craven to "reconcile" matters, and "shelter himself" in the best way he can.

Bell's Life, Nov. 26.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.—(Concluded.)

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—Match for 30 a-side; T.Y.C.

Mr. Bland's f. *Wet Day*, by Priam—Whimsey, 8st	Boyce	1
Mr. Price's Miss Colford, 8st	Wakefield	2

7 to 4 on Miss Colford. Won by a length.

SAME DAY—Match, 50, T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's *Corban*, 9st	Conelly	1
Mr. Pettit's Anne Boleyn, 7st	Chapple	2

Even betting, the mare for choice. Won by a neck.

SAME DAY—Match, 100, h. ft., T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's *Paganini*, 8st. 12lb	Pavis	1
Lord Exeter's Elf, 8st	Conelly	2

Even betting. Won cleverly by a length.

SAME DAY—Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 year olds; R.M.; 9 subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's c by Buzzard, out of Icaria, 7st. 12lb	Pavis	1
Lord Egremont's Sister to Helga, 7st 2lb	Boyce	2
Mr. Blake's b. f. by The Colonel, out of Frederica, 8st. 6lb	Chapple	0
Mr. Rogers' f. by Longwaist, dam by Soothsayer, 8st. 2lb	Nat	0
Duke of Richmond's c. by Tranby, out of Conciliation, 7st. 12lb	Rogers	0
Duke of Richmond's Wimple, 7st. 8lb	W. Day	0
Mr. Bond's Kensington, 7st	Pettit	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. the Duke of Richmond's two [t.], 3 to 1 agst. Conciliation, 4 to 1 agst. Sister to Helga, 4 to 1 agst. Longwaist, 5 to 1 agst. Wimple.

Wimple made running, the lot well up with her, till past the corner of the plantations, where the Buzzard colt headed her; after rising the hill, Sister to Helga rushed from the crowd, but ran out immediately, and was very nearly over the cords—notwithstanding this, she obtained second place by a length. The Duke of Richmond's two were next, and The Colonel filly last.

Match, 40; T.Y.C.

Mr. Thornhill's f. *Lady Fair*, by Langar—Isabel, 3 yrs. 9st. 12lb	Conelly	1
Mr. Greville's Falconbridge, 2 yrs. 4st. 12lb	Cotton	2

Betting: 5 to 1 on the filly. Won in a canter by two lengths, after one false start.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 2[illegible] sovs. each; D.M.; 3 subs.

Duke of Richmond's *Mus*, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb	Rogers	1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb	Conelly	2
Col. Peel's Gertrude, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb	Pavis	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Mus, 5 to 2 agst. Mendizabal, and 5 to 2 agst. Gertrude. Mendizabal took the lead at a good pace, Mus waiting on him till they got within the cords, when he made his push, caught him a stride or two from the chair, and won by a neck—in the next stroke beyond the chair he was half a length in front. Gertrude died away some distance from home.

Match, 25; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. Bond's c. by Shakspeare, dam by Emilius, 7st	Pavis	1
Mr. Greville's Taglioni, 9st. 3lb	Nat	2

6 to 5 on the mare; won by a neck.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's *Kirtle*, 7st. 9lb	Conelly	1
Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, 8st. 7lb	J. Day	2

5 to 4 on Kirtle, who won by a neck, after making a waiting race.

Match, 50; D.M.

Mr. S. Stanley's *Rat-Trap*, 8st. 7lb	Robinson	0
Lord Exeter's *Hybiscus*, 8st. 2lb	Conelly	0

Even betting—the light weight for choice; a splendid race and ended in a dead heat.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.—Mr. Pettit's *Anne Boleyn*, 7st. 5lb., received forfeit from Mr. Hunter's Osprey, 8st. 3lb.

The beauty of the weather, and the number and severity of the races, combined to form a most brilliant finish to the season. We are happy to add that the matches and nominations for next year are full of excellent promise.

The Hon. S. Herbert has purchased Elis for 2,500 guineas: the same sum was offered by the French Government.

The racing stud of the late Captain Bunney will be sold at the Birmingham Repository, on Thursday next.

The Hippodrome.—Fifth Meeting.—The ticklish experiment of a November Racing Meeting was tried here on Thursday, not so much with the expectation of profit or a large company as with the intention of enabling Members of Parliament to form an opinion of the nature and conduct of the establishment from personal observation, and thus be better enabled to decide on the propriety of closing the obnoxious right of way, for which purpose a Bill will shortly be brought into the House. Owing partly to the doubtful state of the weather, and partly to the Meeting not having been sufficiently announced, the attendance was very thin—a circumstance the less to be regretted, inasmuch as the quantum of sport fell below the average. There was some coursing on Friday, which if not attractive to professionals, afforded some amusement to the uninitiated.

The Jockey Club Laws.—At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held at the New Rooms, Newmarket, on Tuesday, the 31st of October last, it was resolved, that after the 1st of January, 1838, all persons whose names appear on the list of defaulters, shall be warned off the course, and prohibited from training or exercising horses on any part of the ground in the occupation of the Jockey Club, provided always that notice shall have been given in writing by the keeper of the match book to such persons of the amount of forfeits due, and that they shall not have been paid within two months of such notice being served.

During the last season Mr. Clark, the judge of the Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, Goodwood, Egham, &c., decided 221 races, travelled upwards of 2,000 miles, and, greatly to his credit, never had a decision called in question. It would be well if some other judges had been equally correct. We understand that Mr. C. is likely to extend his judicial travels to the north, several gentlemen of influence having expressed a wish to that effect.

The following horses have been purchased by Mr. Bland, to go to Holland:—Snarley Yow, two mares by Cetus, out of Stotforth's dam, covered by Dr. Syntax; Handy Dandy, Widgeon, and Wet Day; he paid the travelling expences by winning a stake with Handy Dandy, and a match with Wet Day;—Mr. B. has Amphion and Young Amphion—the latter has never been beaten with Mr. B. on his back.

Mr. Bateman, who trains and rides for Count Renard, has purchased and sent to Silesia a Partisan mare, Translation, a mare out of Plenipotentiary's dam (all stinted to Nonsense), and two-year-olds by Varro, Chateau Margaux, Sir Hercules, and Cetus.

Nottingham Meeting.—This highly interesting meeting came off on Friday week, on the estate of that spirited and liberal nobleman, the Earl of Chesterfield, at Shelford, when a splendid Silver Claret Jug, value 25*l.* was won by Mr. H. Helmsley's bl. d. Smoker. The club, although new, and only consisting of 16 members, running one dog each, were highly gratified by the day's sport, and met and parted in perfect harmony. We have no doubt so good a beginning will lead to the formation of an important influential body of the admirers of coursing at Nottingham and its neighborhood.

It is reported that Sam Chifney is engaged as regular jockey to Lord Chesterfield. We shall be very glad to see this admirable rider at "regular work."

By the death of the Earl of Egremont, the stallion Nonsense (a great favorite with his noble owner) and an extensive stud of brood mares, will come to the hammer.

Exportation of Horses from England to France.—During the past month a great number of horses, and many of them of the best blood, have arrived at Boulogne, from England—a great portion of which were for the King of the French, the King of Belgium, and the King of Bavaria; the remainder have been purchased for other distinguished foreigners, and for the French and Belgian dealers. The following is a list of the arrivals from England, from the 1st to the 31st October:—October from 1st to 3d, 14 horses; 4th to 10th, 35 horses; 11th to 17th, 39 horses; 18th to 24th, 18 horses; 25th to 31st, 13 horses—making a total of 119. The number which have been embarked here for England, during the same period (attached to carriages and belonging to private individuals for their own use), is only 29—leaving a balance of 90 horses against England in favor of the continental buyers. The duty upon horses imported into France is as follows:—Stallions, geldings, and mares, 25f. each; colts and fillies, 15f. each. Every encouragement is given in France to the importation of English blood horses, which meet a ready sale at enormous profits.

The match between Mr. Garrard's r. d. Balloon and Mr. Thomson's bk. b. Camarine, for 100 sovs. a-side, p.p., is to come off on Tuesday, the 5th of Dec., at Epsom, the best of three courses, each side naming a judge and a referee from the Ashdown, Newmarket, Swaffham, or Deptford Inn Clubs, either before or on the morning of running. The remainder of the stakes is to be posted at Lumley's, the Spread Eagle, Epsom, on Wednesday.

Pedestrianism.—The three mile running match between William Gaiseley, of Greenwich, and Joseph Cooper, of Woolwich, came off on Monday. They started from the Sun and Sands, Shooters-hill, to run a mile and a half out and back again. Gaiseley won the match by between 80 and 100 yards, and he accomplished the three miles in 16 minutes and 12 seconds.

The match between Weaver and Graham, the swaggering paper-hanger, to run twice round the outside, and once round the inside of the Park, was won by Weaver, who received from his opponent one minute's start. Weaver will now give Graham a minute, and will make a match at Keeseley's the Crown and Sceptre, Vauxhall.

On Tuesday Charles Scarisbeck, Esq., and Sir Henry Bold Hoghton, killed in Wrightington Game Preserves, 736 rabbits, two hares, and three pheasants, out of 764 shots, in the space of only six hours.

A Singular Challenge.—Wm. Hydes, of Sheffield, has an African porcupine pig, about 4st., that shall fight or run any pig that can be produced, for 25 sovs. and give a stone; the money is ready either at the Sportman's Inn, West Bar, or the Brougham Tavern, Snales Moor, Sheffield.

Angling.—The fiftieth meeting of the Mottram in Longden-Dale Anglers' Society, was held on Saturday, the 30th Sept., 1837, at the house of Mr. James Clayton, Staley Wood, Cheshire, at seven o'clock in the evening, and was visited by Members from Mottram, Ashton-under-Lyne, Staley-Wood, Hadfield, and Padfield. The chair was taken by a Mr. James Shaw, in honor of his catching the largest fish for the feast. The business commenced with jokes, wit, and easy pleasantry, which were soon followed by a good and substantial supper. Laughter, songs, and glees in all their varieties gave zest to the whole evening's proceedings. Tales, too, were there, some of a light cast, and some to prove that

"A jolly angler's life's the best of any."

Among those which mingled utility with instruction, was the following, told by Mr. Charles Shaw, of Mottram, brother to the worthy chairman, viz.,—That for fishing on the rivers Mersey and Derwent he had for many years been making observations on flies, which he had reduced to a regular scale, and by strictly adhering to it, he had been enabled to catch during the last season 1,002 fish, with the fly alone. Among the number were two graylings, one 14 oz., caught by the tail. For the satisfaction of the Members and others desirous of fishing in the before-mentioned rivers, a correct scale of flies taken for the years 1836-37 was produced, with which we have been favored, and which we shall give in our next.

A GRAVE JOKE.

Many good stories are told of Ethan Allen of revolutionary memory. The following is not a bad one:—

He was one evening at a party where his well known courage was the theme of conversation. "He fears nothing," said one, "And I would wager any amount that he would not hesitate to go into the church-yard across the way, and bring a skull from one of the open tombs there," added another. The wager was agreed upon, and one of the party suddenly left the room as Allen entered it. The absent *bon vivant* procured a sheet, whitened his face, and repaired to one of the vaults in question, with a view of frightening the old veteran, should he have the temerity to further the wishes of the company. Allen was made acquainted with the nature of the wager, and without a moment's hesitation, said he would bring the required skull, and place it upon the table. He went to the vault and laid his hand upon one, when his concealed acquaintance cried out in a sepulchral tone, "That's mine!" "Very well," said he, and picked up another. When the same voice repeated, "That's mine too!" "That can't be true," replied the imperturbable hero, "for no man can have two skulls!" Upon this he quickly left the vault, with the *memento mori* in his hand; his friend following in hot haste, half frightened out of his senses. Allen, however, soonest reached the room where he had left his companions, and placing the skull upon the table, exclaimed, "There, gentlemen, there you have it; but look at it quickly, for the fellow is close behind me that owns it!" The man in the sheet immediately came in, and the laugh was universal against him.

A recent traveller in Greece presents us with the following picture of King Otho:—

He is in stature about the middle height, and would appear taller if he did not wear his hair so flat to his head, as though it were gummed thereon; and as if to preserve it constantly in an unruffled state, he has a habit ever and anon of stroking it down with his hand, thereby retaining it in the most perfect and obedient state of smoothness that man could desire. But I suspect that this extreme neatness of coiffeur assists in giving him the air of a grocer's apprentice, when dressed in his Sunday clothes; that is to say, those of Bishop-gate-street or Holburn, as those of the west end are more stylish looking fellows than King Otho; and indeed he has other symptoms which savor of the grocer's shop, having a curious knack of continually giving innumerable little nods of his head, which one might be led to imagine he had acquired from endeavoring to emulate those Chinese figures, the usual appendages of dealers in groceries. I know no better manner of describing him than by quoting the words of one of the ambassadors of his own court, who observed, that when his features were quiet he was very passable, but the moment he spoke or laughed his whole face tumbled to pieces. On these occasions, had not Providence in all its gracious mercy placed his ears remarkably far back, they must have long since fallen a sacrifice to the threatened invasions of his mouth."

GAMING.—When the Reunion (a gambling club at Malta on the return of our army there from Egypt,) was in its palmy state, there was among the principal performers a German, Baron Waldeck, a captain in one of the foreign corps. This interesting hero had a run of great luck, and when he dealt he pulled in the stakes in a very rapid fashion, talked magnificent, and on the occasion of a dispute about a doubloon, he tossed the piece of golden dirt through the window to show his contempt for lucre. He had, he said, hurt his left hand, and he always appeared with a bandage on it. One night an officer was seated next the baron, and in no very good humor, having lost all his stock in trade, a great part of which he had seen pass to the heap in front of his next neighbor. Having lost all his money, he continued to look on; and whether his eye-sight had been sharpened by his disappointed feelings or not, he thought he observed under the bandage on the baron's hand the corner of a court card; redoubled the vigilance of his observation, and at last made sure of the fact. Starting up, he pinned the German's fist and its contents to the table, and at the same time expressed his suspicions, which were in a moment verified by stripping off the bandage, and exposing a regular batch of cards, so disposed that company must always lose and self gain. The trick was the more easy to effect, as two and sometimes three packs of cards were thrown together to prevent the chance of calculating the cards to come up.

United Service Journal.

"If my horse should run away, Mr. Riding Master," said the weteran Wenables, "what course would you advise me to take to stop him?" "Call out to shut the stable door when he enters the yard—then," rejoined the groom, "he will stop of his own accord." Wen promised fulfilment of the man's advice.

A SCENE IN A THIEVES' CELLAR.

"So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?" said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fire place.

Oliver made no reply, but he watched the Jew's motions, and breathed quickly.

"Wanted to get assistance—called for the police, did you," sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. "We'll cure you of that, my dear."

The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club, and was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested it from his hand, and flung it into the fire with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin," cried the girl. "You've got the boy, and what more would you have? Let him be—let him be, or I shall put that mark on some of you that will bring me to the gallows before my time."

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed and her hands clenched, looked alternately at the Jew and the other robber, her face quite colorless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

"Why, Nancy!" said the Jew in a soothing tone, after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner, "you—you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha! ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully!"

"Am I?" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it; you will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do; and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me."

There is something about a roused woman, especially if she add to all her other strong passions the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair, which few men like to provoke. The Jew saw that it would be hopeless to affect any further mistake regarding the reality of Miss Nancy's rage; and, shrinking involuntarily back a few paces, cast a glance half imploring and half-cowardly at Sikes, as if to hint that he was the fittest person to pursue the dialogue.

Mr. Sikes, thus mutely appealed to, and possibly feeling his personal pride and influence interested in the immediate reduction of Miss Nancy to reason, gave utterance to about a couple of score of curses and threats, the rapid delivery of which reflected great credit on the fertility of his invention.—As they produced no visible effect on the object against whom they were discharged, however, he resorted to more tangible arguments.

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes, backing the inquiry with a very common imprecation concerning the most beautiful of human features, which, if it were heard above, only once out of every fifty thousand times it is uttered below, would render blindness as common a disorder as measles; "what do you mean by it? Burn my body! do you know who you are, and what you are?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically, and shaking her head from side to side with a poor assumption of indifference.

"Well, then, keep quiet," rejoined Sikes, with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come."

The girl laughed again, even less composedly than before, and darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

"You're a nice one," added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, "to take up the humane and genteel side. A pretty subject for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!"

"God Almighty help me, I am!" cried the girl, passionately, "and I wish I had been struck dead in the street, or changed places with them we passed so near to night, before I lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad from this night forth; isn't that enough for the old wretch without blows?"

"Come, come, Sikes," said the Jew, appealing to him in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed; "we must have civil words—civil words, Bill!"

"Civil words!" cried the girl, whose passion was frightful to see. "Civil words, you villain! Yes! you deserve 'em from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this (pointing to Oliver.) I have been in the same trade, and in the same service, for twelve years since; don't you know it? Speak out? don't you know it?"

"Well, well!" replied the Jew with an attempt at pacification; "and if you have, it's your living!"

"Ah, it is!" returned the girl, not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. "It is my living, and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home: and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there day and night till I die!"

"I shall do you a mischief," interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches, "a mischief worse than that, if you say much more!"

The girl said nothing more; but tearing her hair and dress in a transport of phrenzy, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment, upon which she made a few ineffectual struggles, and fainted.

"She's all right now," said Sikes, laying her down in a corner. "She's uncommon strong in the arms when she's up in this way."

The Jew wiped his forehead, and smiled, as if it were a relief to have the disturbance over; but neither he, nor Sikes, nor the dog, nor the boys, seemed to consider it in any other light than a common occurrence incident to business.

Oliver Twist in Bentley's Miscellany for Nov.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LORD ELDON.

Among Lord Eldon's great personal friends was George the Fourth. That sovereign, it will be remembered, made him a magnificent present as a proof of his private friendship, immediately after the Noble Earl ceased to be Lord Chancellor through a change of Ministry. He used, however, when Prince Regent, to have many harmless jokes at his Lordship's expence. One of the best of these—at any rate, the best of several which have been communicated to me—was played off on him soon after his elevation to the Chancellorship. That was in the early part of the present century, when the Prince was in the meridian of life, and passionately fond of fun and frolic. Having previously instructed all the subordinates in the parts they were to play, the Prince and Sheridan one evening engaged a hackney-coach, and went to the House of Lords to await the rising of their Lordships. The House having risen, the Prince desired of one of his servants, whom he had brought for the purpose, to intimate to his Lordship, as he quitted the robing-room, that he was waiting in his carriage opposite Westminster Abbey for him. Lord Eldon having informed the servant that he would be with the Prince presently, hurried down stairs immediately afterwards, and was with him nearly as soon as the servant himself. The night was unusually dark, and the streets were then but imperfectly lighted. These circumstances, added to that of having just left the brilliantly lighted House of Lords, very naturally account for his Lordship stepping into the vehicle without discovering that instead of the Prince's own carriage, it was only a hackney-coach. On getting inside, Lord Eldon found Sheridan with the Prince. The latter mentioned to his Lordship that he was anxious to get his advice on some matter of personal importance to himself, and that for certain reasons, which he mentioned, they would go to some neighboring hotel instead of to the palace, to talk over the matter.

"Most certainly, your Highness: wherever your Highness pleases," said his Lordship, with that thorough devotion to Royalty for which the Noble Lord ever was through life, and still is distinguished.

After what the coachmen call three or four minutes' drive, Lord Eldon found the coach stop, and in a few moments afterwards he was conducted by the Prince and Sheridan into a handsome apartment up one pair of stairs. The Prince, in the first place asked a few common-place questions of the Chancellor as to the proceedings in the House that evening, and then introduced some other topics of general conversation.

"Eldon," said the Prince, suddenly stopping short in the midst of a rather lively confabulation; "Eldon, I'm sure you'll excuse me for a few minutes."

"O, most certainly, your Highness."

Only about ten minutes, however, had elapsed, when his Lordship, notwithstanding the wit of Sheridan, began to express a longing for home.

"I wish," said he, "the Prince were returned, as I have some matters to attend to of a pressing emergency at home."

"Perhaps I had better go out and see whether I can learn any thing of him."

"I should feel particularly obliged to you if you would, Mr. Sheridan," answered his Lordship.

Sheridan took up his hat and quitted the apartment. His Lorship was now left alone in his glory, but was not suffered to remain long in his solitary state. A remarkably ugly-looking female, about 40 years of age entered the room about half a minute after Sheridan had left it, and advancing towards his Lordship, inquired, with something between a grin and a smile, how he did.

"How do you do?" growled his Lordship, looking the damsel in the face, with a most marked expression of sternness and astonishment.

"Your friends have left you, dear," said the nymph, seating herself on a chair beside his Lordship, and looking him in her most coaxing manner in the face. He suddenly pushed back his chair, and without uttering a word, stared at her as hard as if he meant to say, "Who are you?"

"Perhaps you'll accept of my company instead of your friends, who have left you," observed the female, suddenly seating herself on his knee.

"Get out, get out, you hussey," exclaimed his Lordship, forcibly jerking her off his knee, and starting to his feet. He rang the bell that instant with tremendous violence. The waiter made his appearance, but manifested the most provoking coolness.

"Get me a coach this moment, Sir, that I may get out of this house immediately," said his Lordship in indignant accents.

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter, with the most provoking *nonchalence* as before.—"Yes, Sir; only, you are aware, Sir, you have to pay, in the first place, for the use of the room, Sir."

"For the what?" said his Lordship, evidently confounded as well as enraged.

"For the use of the room, Sir," answered the waiter, with undiminished coolness, and putting a towel he held in his right hand under his left arm.

"I have not used the room," said his Lordship sternly.

"That is your own fault," observed the other; "you have been in it, and that's all the same to us."

"I was brought here, and have only been in the room for a few minutes."

"No matter to us: you cannot leave the room till you have paid for it," said the waiter adjusting his collar.

"Do you know who I am?" said his Lordship, losing all temper at what he conceived the combined injustice of the demand, and the consummate effrontery of the fellow.

"It makes nothing to us, Sir, though you were the Lord High Chancellor of England," answered the waiter, at the same time snuffing one of the candles.

"I *am* the Lord Chancellor, Sir."

"Very well: you are the same to us as any other man. Those who live in Rome must do as Rome does.

"Well, Sir, and what is your demand?" inquired his Lordship, seeing there was no chance of being suffered to stir a foot until he had paid it.

"A guinea, if you please, Sir," answered the waiter, wiping the dust off the back of one of the chairs.

"Then here it is, Sir," said his lordship, tossing down a one pound note and a shilling on the table; "but remember, Sir, you shall hear further about this matter.

"We'll take our chance of that," observed the waiter, as dryly as before.

"Now, Sir, will you call a coach?"

"You shall have one in a moment," answered the waiter, hurrying out of the room for the purpose of bringing it. In a few seconds he returned, saying a coach was waiting at the door for his Lordship.

The particular coachman had been engaged before, and properly drilled into the part that he was to perform in the affair, by the Prince and Sheridan. His Lordship entered the coach, and ordered the driver to take him to No. —, in Russell-square. On arriving at his Lordship's residence the coachman alighted, and gave a succession of tremendous rat-tat-tats.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed his Lordship, putting his head out at the coach window; "you'll alarm the house—you'll break the door."

John knocked still louder than before.

"Let me out, let me out, you fellow! What do you mean, Sir?" shouted his Lordship, half suffocated with rage.

Another series of knocks, of the most violent kind, was the only answer.—By this time Lady Ellen, preceded by a troop of servants, hurried down stairs in breathless haste, with a candle in each hand, exclaiming "What's the matter? what's the matter?"

The driver now opened the door of the coach, and down stepped his Lordship.

"There's your fare, you unmannerly fellow," said he, putting eighteen pence into the coachman's hand.

"Eighteen-pence! only eighteen-pence!" exclaimed the driver, holding out the one-and-six-pence in his hand, and looking at it with an affected contempt.—"Vell, who ever heard of such a thing? Only eighteen-pence for driving the Lord High Chancellor of England from the——— in Chandoss-street to Russell square?"

It was now that the fact of where he had been flashed across his Lordship's mind; and hearing the coachman still sing out the name of the place, coupled with his own name, he put a one-pound note into his hand, saying, "There, there, Sir, and say nothing about it." Jarvey put his hand to his hat, pocketed the pound note, mounted his dickey, and giving a sharp smack to his horses, drove away as mute as the adjoining statue of the Duke of Bedford, which he had to pass on quitting his Lordship's residence.

The Bench and the Bar.

SPECIE.—AIR, "*Alice Gray.*"

'Tis all my fancy painted it,
'Tis lovely, 'tis divine!
But the coin it is another's—
It never can be mine.
In vain I draw upon the banks!
No specie now have they;
Oh! the banks, the banks are breaking
For the want of specie pay.

An eagle's wings are branded
On its face of spotless white;
On eagle's wings it vanishes
Forever from the sight.
The face was branded not for me,
The wings have winged their way;
Oh! the banks, the banks are breaking.
For the want of specie pay.

CODES OF MANNERS AND ETIQUETTE.

Force of Habit.—It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore—and was actually true of Secretary Craggs, who began life as a footman—that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then from the mere force of habit got up behind it himself.

Prudent Advice.—If you are diminutive, ugly, without grace or *tournour*, give up all intention of presenting yourself in society. You would be the butt of a thousand pleasantries. All the wit in the world would not save you.

An Ugly Customer.—Wilkes was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill luck upon the house.

An Odd Coincidence.—When the Duke of Wellington attended the musical festival at Westminster Abbey, the steward whose duty it happened to be to attend upon his Grace, was Mr. Rodwell, the composer, who, it appears, was actually christened "Bonaparte." On the first day the Duke retired before the performance was ended, and was assisted upon his horse by Mr. Rodwell, so that at fight or festival, it was Bonaparte who assisted Wellington to *mount.*

Napoleon's Regard for Dress.—Napoleon was deeply impressed with the effect produceable by dress, and on all important occasions kept a scrutinizing eye on the personal appearance of his suite. A remarkable instance (related in the *Code Civil*) occurred on the morning of his interview with Alexander of Russia on the Niemen. Murat and General Dorsenne arrived at the same moment to take their places in his train; Murat, as usual, all epaulette, aigrette, lace, orders, and embroidery; Dorsenne in that elegant and simple costume, which made him the model of the army. Napoleon saluted Dorsenne with a smile of marked favor, then turning sharply round upon Murat, he said, "Go, and put on your Marshall's dress; you have the air of a Franconi's."

Bachelors' Privileges.—These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support some of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with miliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits of conjugal rights; from them *La Belle Mere* is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse.* They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and *invest money in the Funds.*

Salutations Extraordinary.—In some countries they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks pulled out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. In some of the South-sea Islands they spit in their hands and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend.

Cutting Acquaintances.—As a general rule never cut any one in the street; even political and steamboat acquaintances should be noticed by the slightest movement in the world. If they presume to converse with you, or stop you to introduce their companion, it is then time to use your eye glass, and say, "I never knew you."

An Awkward Announcement.—Lady A. and her daughter having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Hon. Lady A. and the Hon. Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that in future he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter—and Devonshire house was electrified by the intelligence that *Simple Lady A.* and *Plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

A Stranger in these Parts.—According to the Taunton Whig they have a Mississippi roarer in that peaceable village, who ought to be kept quiet, if possible, or they will see harder times there than the alewives when they get into Court. The description which the "tarnal critur" gives of himself, is this:

I'm very like a whale, with a little shade of the big elephant—and a slight touch of the wild catamount; I'm a real catastrophe—a small creation, mount Vesuvius at the top, with red hot lava pouring out of the crater, and routing nations; my eyes are two blast furnaces—tears red hot melted iron, and every tooth in my head a granite pillar; my feet are Virginia plantations—legs, branch railroads of whalebone—fists, rocky mountains, and arms, whig liberty-poles, with cast steel springs. Every step I take is an earthquake, every blow I strike is a clap of thunder, and every breath I breathe is a tornado; my disposition is Dupont's best, and goes off in a flash; when I blast, there'll be just nothing left but a hole three feet deep in circumference and no end to the depth. My gig is a wildcat, with hoop snake wheels—my team a tandem of sea-serpents, with rattle snake reins, four roaring lions for body guard; and I advance and retreat like a hurricane.

LADY SMIGSMAG'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

About them blue water-bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company make such a bubble and spirtin', people should be very careful in usin' them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her Ladyship wears two rows of false teeth, (what the French call a *rattler*,) and is, everybody knows, one of the most absint of women.

After dinner one day, at her own house, she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did when the spirtin' time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she forgot her teeth, and went to bed without them. Next morning there was a dreadful disturbance in the house,—somebody had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise, so the matter was hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's; but nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth. A fortnight after another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kept a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing but when he couldn't helpt it: he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day when it was wanted, and the same he did by the glass; you might go into his pantry and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drank up all the wine) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house I don't know; it only showed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisiniss. Well, the day came for the second party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do. He cleaned up the plate, the glass, and everythink else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard.

"Law, Jim, you jackass," cried out the butler, at half-past seven, jist as the people was a comen down to dinner, "you've forgot the washand-basins."

Jim spun down into his room, for he'd forgotten 'em sure enough; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water; so he brought 'em up, and said nothink, but gave 'em a polishin' wipe with the tail of his coat. Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy*, as they say: there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers, as I call 'em, put down; and all the people began a washin' 'emselves like anythink. "Whir-r-r-r-r-r!" went my Lady Smigsmag; "Clooclooclooclooo-phiz!" says Lady Barbikin; "Goggleoggleoggleblraw!" says Jewin, (a very fat gen'lm'n); "Blobblobgob!" began his Grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped,—down went his washand-basin, and he gave such a piercing shriek! such a bust of agony as I never saw, except when the prince sees the ghost in *Hamlick.*—Down went his basin, and up went his eyes: I really thought he was going to vomick! I rushed up to his Grace, squeeging him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Everybody was in alarm; the Duke as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and making the most frightful contortions; the ladies were in astarix, and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, looking as white as chock. I looked into his Grace's plate, and on my honor as a gen'lm'n, among the amins and reasons there was two rows of *teeth!*

"Law! heavens! what! your Grace! is it possible!" said Lady Smigsmag, putting her hand into the Duke's plate, "dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth!"

Flesh and blud couldn't stand this, and I bust out a laffin, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and impregnable as any other to the ridiklous. I bust, and everybody bust after me,—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all,—everybody except Lazy Jim. Would you believe it, he hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a washin' themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old! I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general, only people had better take warnin' by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash themselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off next morning, took to drinking and evil habits, and is now, in consiquints, a leftenant-general in the axillary legend.

Fraser's Magazine.

A LOAFER.

The Knickerbocker thus hits off the likeness of a loafer at Niagara:—Exceedingly amused at the air and manner of a decided loafer, a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls.

"Landlord," said he to the Boniface of the cataract, "and you gentlemen, who stand on this porch witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows beating upon his head continually. Wonst I was wo'th twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddling profession. Circumstances alter cases—now I wish to solicit charity. Some of you seem benevolent, and I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No—I scorn to brag—but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Volney's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, Ovid's Art of Love, and Pope's Essay on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaeling about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will 'ease my grief, and drive my cares away?' as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems."

No answer was returned—a general laughter arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited—rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the faces of the bystanders, he roared out—"You're all a pack of poor onary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chastise any man here for two three-cent drinks of Monongahela whiskey; yea, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak for the loss of strength, yet I will whip the best of you. Let any one on ye come over to the Black Rocks Railroad Depot, and I'll lick him like a ——"

"Never mind that part of it," said one; "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that was a scene!—Twenty miles out at sea on the lake—storm bustin' on the deck!—the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over us continually—the lightning a bustin' overhead and hissing under water—the clouds meeting the earth—the land just over the lee bow—every mast in splinters—every sail in rags—women a screechin'—farmers' wives, emigratin' to the West, callin' for their husbands—and graves yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sick; one man, after casting forth everything beside, with a violent retch threw up his boots. Oh! gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructive billow. It struck the ship in the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at wonst I felt something under us breaking away. The vessel was parting!—One half of the crew was drowned—passengers were praying and commending themselves to Heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem yourself from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a goin', and *I took my hat and went ashore!*

The last I saw of this Munchausen was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a "drink," and was perambulating through the mud, lightened momentarily of his sorrows.

A DRUNKEN FLORIST.

At the Sydney (N.S.) Police Office, Wm. Geranium, a florist, was lugged to the bar, to show cause why he had been found drooping the overnight under a strong shower of heavy wet. The constable described him as being "like to a lily plucked and cast away." Geranium raised his head at this, and declared that in the whole herbal collection, no plant had such *stamina* as himself; he was the shoot of an extensive variety, and he would now appeal to the bench to say whether he was not full grown and vigorous (here he blushed with the full ardor of his namesake).

Bench—The question is, were you drunk?

Geranium—The *genus* to which I belong never drink anything but what is "drawn from the stars and filtered through the skies;" you may often see me 'dew-besprinkled in the morn."

Constable—Dew-besprinkled, indeed! why, he was soaked with rum.

Geranium—My *tulip*, you are prickly as *sweet-briar*, without the fragrance; instead of giving me *heart's-ease*, you tender me *love-lies bleeding;* you are as bad as *night-shade.*

Bench—Was he drunk?

Constable—He was; and stowed away in an uninhabited house; and I shouted to him.

Geranium—You deserve a touch of *lark-spur* for serving me in this way; I went to the house to avoid the rain:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Bench—You must pay five shillings for the use of the poor.

Geranium—Why, if I was to dispose of the *Venus-looking-glass* I have at home, it would not fetch half the money; oh, dear! oh, dear!

Bench—Stocks two hours.

Geranium—That's not a congenial soil.

Argument, however, was useless; and in two minutes he found himself transplanted to the stocks, there to vegetate under a genial shower of rain.

Sydney Gazette.

Items.—Gentleman stepped on a piece of water melon front of the State House—got capsized on the *Rhine—melon-choly* accident.

Dead horse found basking in the sun, on the banks of the river, below the city—beautiful illustration of animal *maggotism.*

Poor drunken loafer picked up in the street—no *sense* in his head, no *cents* in in his pocket, powerful *scent* to his breath—*sent* to the watch house.

Lady caught in the shower Monday night—stranger politely offered the shelter of his umbrella—accepted—got home and found him black in the face—wrong color for a *rain-beau.*

Hartford Cour.

Varieties.

Police.—A Loafer.—There was a queer looking piece of humanity unkennelled this morning, who answered to the name of Jemmy Kink.

'That's a fact,' said Jemmy, 'but darn me to pieces if I could tell how you got hold of my name.'

'Why, Jemmy,' said the Captain, 'we couldn't mistake it—you've got a kink in your hat and a kink in your shoe, and I don't know how many kinks in your face.'

'Yes,' said Jemmy, laughing, 'and at home there's Mrs. Kink and two little Kink's, none the worse for wrinkles; but I can't say so much for myself: L—d, how the wind blowed last night—tremenjus—and look there,' continued Jemmy, shivering at the sight of a shower of dry leaves carried with a hurricane rapidly past the window, 'if I go out in that 'ere wind, I shall go up like a hero—hero—what do you call 'um, in a balloon? Massy what nice coats you have got on,' turning an envious glance at the watchmen.

'Jemmy, you can go; there's a nice breeze to blow some of the kinks out of your coat this morning.'

Jemmy looked at the window, then at the last remains of a fire in the stove, and seemed reluctant to depart. A bell rang in the distance—he pricked up his ears—his nostrils expanded like those of a war horse at the sound of a trumpet.

'Bless my soul—there's a fire—fire—there's a house a-fire, I declare.'

'Not so much noise,' said the captain.

'Good morning sir,' there's a good warm and a breakfast, any how,' and Jemmy slid — Baltimore Transcript.

Col. Wildfire Outdone.—We copy from the Zanesville Gazette, an extract from a speech of a candidate for office in Muskingum Co., Ohio, spoken from the stump, in 1834.

"Gentlemen Jacksonians, and fellow of this conflictious community, in this land of concussence and supernatiousness. Jacksonians, I say, exaggerate yourselves; I say, and support the insufficiousness of the oricle of Jackson.

"Friends, the cause of the vetoe on the exonerousness, consumaciousness of the veloniousness of United States Bank, was the furlicution of the Clay party; and when Jackson had spyficated the confidence of the present Congress, he rose to his supercilious majesty, and crushed the growing powers of these illusible states.

"This, gentlemen Jacksonians, was adequate to the circumference of Jacksonism, and now I previse you to exaggerate yourselves."

Business not Business.—"Hallo Tompkins; how are you? where is your partner now?"

"Gone to Natchez."

"On business, eh?"

"Oh, no—he's gone on a *collecting tour.*"

Time was, when *collecting* was considered a *business*, but it is not so now—or if it can be so called it is a dreadful proor business. — N. O. Picayune.

"*Recipe for cold Weather.*—Shut the door; make your house tight; get a stove; plenty of dry wood; don't leave the door open; put a spring on it; if one stands holding the door open while he tells a long yarn, knock him down with the poker. We have but one thing more to add, and that is—*shut the door!!!*"

The grandiloquence of some of the stump orators in the West, passeth show. The last flourish we have heard of, ran thus:—

"Fellow citizens, I am standing here on a throne, prouder than any in Europe—in the face of the Universe, and in the sublime presence of the people; and I stand here as the lineal descendant of the goddess of Liberty! Yes, I was raised at the breast of that glorious individual! Her arm has sustained me, her shield has guarded me in every political fight I ever had—and the Lord know's I've had a good many; her voice has huzzad in my ears; and many a time, when I have been partly defeated by my foes, she has raised me from the dust in the thickest of the conflict—

"Has laid my languid head upon her knee,
And bathed my bloody brow with tansey tea!"

A writer in the Mechanic and Farmer says, that when he sees a woman send her husband's pantaloons to the tailor, to get three buttons sewed on them, he has a notion that young men are right in being rather skittish about getting married.

Queen Victoria has received from some Shetland women sundry pairs of stockings. As she is to wear the Garter round her arm, the stockings will probably be used as night caps.

A friend tells a good story of a fellow of North Carolina. Having been put in jail for marrying 13 wives, he made his escape and was seen three or four days afterwards by a gentleman who recognized him. The gentleman, anxious to secure the reward for his apprehension, invited him into his house to dinner, and then slyly slipped out in pursuit of a constable; but great was his horror on his return, to find that the culprit had *absconded with his wife.*

Louis. Cour.

A Pugnacious Town.—The Toledo Gazette says—"It is no unusual circumstance, to have from three to five battles on a Sunday, within the immediate vicinity of our office, aside from the many which occur during the week." The old leaven of the "Toledo War," or the new yeast of "Animal Magnetism," seems to be in operation.

Texian Eloquence.—The way some of the speechifiers in Texas use up the English language is curious. Just read the winding up of a recruiting sergeant's harangue to his neighbors, in an endeavor to enlist them against the Mexicans. After having launched out against the religion of the common enemy, in none of the mildest terms, our hero winds up with, Cornerackers, Hoosiers, Pukes, Wolverines, and Suckers, if the voice of piety cannot move you to exterminate those cursed, cruel, Catholic yallar skinned, d——d illiterate Mexicans aforesaid, if the sacred voice of Texian liberty strikes no sympathetic chord in your bosom, if the cries of bleeding humanity cannot draw you to deliver the freemen of Texas from the unparalleled, unprecedented oppression of hard work, why you are not the men I take you for, that's all. But no, I see the fire of patriotism gleam in your eyes, I see you rise indignantly *en masse* to resist interference of property, even to the blood of the cursed yaller skinned Mexican emancipationists. I see the breath of Texian freedom animate you. Come then and rally round the standard of an insulted country, and with fists clenched and teeth sot, swear to fight knee deep in blood for that constitution which was founded on the bones of your martyred countrymen, and cemented with the blood of expiring saints and heroes. Let's liquor. — N. O. Picayune.

Want of News.—The John o' Groat Journal complains of a dearth of local intelligence as follows:

Want of wit we may be accused of, but the want of local news seldom. In our present number a lack of this interesting description of matter will be observable.

The weather has been particularly moderate. The ships won't go on shore—the dogs never go mad—the hens lay no extraordinary eggs, and calves refuse to come into the world with two heads and six legs. Like plums in a Yorkshire pudding, or angel's visits, Marriages are "few and far between," and should not some legislative enactment be brought to bear upon the question in the ensuing parliament, by taxing bachelors, or otherwise forcing them to "take unto themselves wives," we may look out for as great a dearth of population as of news. Births do occasionally happen; and we are sorry to say Deaths are by no means uncommon; but the space devoted to such small matters is of such a trifling description, that in our sheet they may be considered as mere "drops in the bucket." Under such trying circumstances what are we to do? Our conscience won't permit us to invent news—the public call loudly for it. Could we do away with our compunctious feelings, give our fancy play, and try the elasticity of our inventive powers, we might concoct a variety of stories in the horrid, sentimental, pathetic, and comic; but a regard for truth makes us stick to mere matter of fact transactions, and until the fates send us something worthy of insertion the public must just rest satisfied with what we can give them.

Lord Kames.—Notwithstanding the general gravity of his pursuits, his lordship was naturally of a playful disposition, and fond of a harmless practical joke, of which a curious instance is on record. A Mr. Wingate, who had been his private tutor in early life, but who had by no means made himself agreeable to him, called upon him, after he had been eminent in his profession, to take his opinion regarding the validity of cartain title deeds which he held for a sum of money advanced on land. The lawyer, after carefully examining them, looked at his old master with an air of the most profound concern, and expressed a hope that he had not concluded the bargain. The alarmed pedagogue, with a most rueful countenance, answered that he had; when Mr. Home gravely proceeded to entertain him with a luminous exposition of the defects of the deeds, showing by a long series of legal and technical objections, that they were not worth the value of the parchment, on which they were written. Having enjoyed for some time Wingate's distress, he relieved the sufferer by thus addressing him:—"You remember, sir, how you made me smart in days of yore for very small offences; now, I think our accounts are closed. Take up your papers, man, and go home with an easy mind, your titles are excellent." Amongst his lordship's singularities, which were not a few, was an unaccountable predilection for a certain word, more remarkable for its vigor than its elegance, which he used freely, even on the bench, where it certainly must have sounded very oddly. This peculiarity is pointed out in the amusing poem, entitled the "Court of Session Garland," by James Boswell—

Alemoor the judgment as illegal blames,
"'Tis equity, you b—h," replies Lord Kames.

About a week before his death, which was the result of extreme old age, feeling his end approaching, he went to the Court of Sessions, addressed all the Judges separately, told them he was speedily to depart, and bade them a solemn and affectionate farewell. On reaching the door, however, he turned round, and bestowing a last look on his sorrowing brethren, made his exit, "Fare ye a weel, ye b—ches!"

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co, Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100. p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839. Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Riddlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs.

A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address — J H OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

[n18-t1J]

WESTERN COURSE—COLUMBUS, Ga.

THE Races over the above course will commence on Tuesday, 27th Feb. next, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$300
Second day—Two mile heats	500
Third day—Three mile heats	700
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1000
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	400

On the day preceding the regular races there will be run a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h ft. Two mile heats. Nine subs. and closed.

[J6] M. W. THWEATT, *Sec'y.*

CARLTON HOUSE,

NO. 350 and 352 Broadway, (fronting on Broadway, Leonard, and Benson streets.)—The subscriber (late proprietor of the American Hotel) offers his grateful acknowledgments to his friends throughout the country, for their patronage at that hotel, and respectfully announces to them that he has been entrusted with the above large and extensive establishment (recently erected by Joshua Walker, Esq.) which will be open for the reception of company on the 1st of Jan. It is admirably calculated to afford to visitors who reside a few weeks in the city, an agreeable and retired home; and may be regarded from its commanding and elevated position, as the most salubrious, central, and eligible public residence in the city; it will conducted with a strict regard to the usages and habits of private life, combining order and comfort in every department.

A Coffee Room will be prepared by the middle of February, for the accommodation of gentlemen who prefer that mode of living; and chambers on the upper floor will be disposed of with or without board. Extensive accommodations will be reserved for families. Public tables will be served up daily at half-past 3 and 5 o'clock throughout the year.

The prices for Board, Lodging, Fires, &c., will be found on the Regulations of the House, and the terms, it is confidently believed, will meet the approbation of all.

The Tables, Wines, and other accommodations of the House, will not be surpassed by any other hotel in the United States; and the personal exertions of the subscriber will be unceasingly directed to the comfort of those who visit the establishment.

New York, Dec. 18, 1837. [J6-6t] EDWARD MILFORD.

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1838. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

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New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d27]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m12]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J16]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mahommed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[A:12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt St.

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The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest.

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The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

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The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [s21]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - Jockey Club Races, 29th Jan.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match,—heats, $5,000aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
ST. MATHEWS, S. C. - Jockey Club Fall Races, 2d Wednesday in Jan.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time. ALBERT A. JETER.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PENOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

English Varieties.

[From the London Satirist of November 26.]

How to dress an Alderman.—Much has been said about the manner in which the Aldermen were dressed on the occasion of her Majesty's visit. It is quite evident that the public are completely in the dark respecting the matter; we therefore submit to their consideration the recipe as laid down in the latest edition of Mrs. Glasse's book of cookery.

First catch your Alderman, which you can easily do on any day that a dinner is given at the Mansion House. Cut off his head close to the shoulder, and take out his brains, if he has any, and wash them well in the Fleet ditch, or any other muddy stream at hand, and then put them in again. Take hold of his ears and stretch them at least a foot, the longer the better, and coil them into asses' shape. Open his mouth, and extend it so much as to admit a haunch of venison, and then sew on the head. Then cut out his liver, which season with cayenne pepper, and wash his lungs with port wine, cleaning them as you would goose giblets; take out the stomach and rince it well in champagne, and afterwards soak it in bitters. Skewer them all well in their proper places, and then serve the whole up in an easy chair, with a napkin under the chin and a knife and fork in his hands. You will thus have an Alderman fit for Guildhall. Some people serve up with a cover of a scarlet gown, and garnish with a punch bowl, decanters, and a stomach pump; but that is entirely according to taste. N.B. The Alderman is invariably *roasted*.

"Well, Sir," observed Palmerston to Jew Jacobs, alias Hart, the newly appointed Consul at Leipsic, "you are desirous of removal to some other place—be pleased to state your grounds for this application?" "Vy, ma Lordsh, dish ish de reasonsh vy," replied the Jew, "I expecsh to be shent away. Leipsicsh is de mosht *deer* placsh in de vorld—dere ish noshing *sheep* in it." "Very well, very well, Mr. Hart," rejoined *my Pal* as he bowed the Hebrew out, "I will consider your request; and as you appear to prefer mutton to pork, I will, if I can, remove you to some *sheep* place, depend upon it." The Jew departed with an expression of *shatisfacshion* in his eye.

"Sir," quoth the gallant Count, speaking of the genius of Lady Blessington, "she is, among the female aristocracy, a meteoric light." "Rather call her a *blue* light," rejoined Segrave.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

"My *services*, most gracious lady now,"
Quoth Conroy, "you'll most certainly condemn."
"My mother, Sir," with elevated brow
The Queen replied, "can better judge of *them*."

When Sarah heard that her *protege*, the new member for Woodstock, was likely to loose his seat on the petition against his return, she declared her intention to stand by him to the last. "That is," rejoined Forester, "so long, you mean, as he feels disposed to return the compliment." The Countess smiled.

Lord Mulgrave leaves his proxy in the hands of Lord Melbourne. Mrs. Blackwood, when she heard this, anxiously inquired if it was not meant to extend to *business* done out of the House—"If so," concluded the lady, "I shall for one refuse to recognise it." The noble Viceroy eased the mind of the fair dame, by an assurance that his proxy was a power merely of a political character.

THE OFFSET.

"Why this mirth?" inquired Payne. Replied Alvanley, "Will
You believe it—a knave has demanded his bill!"

"Do you place any reliance in the report," asked a friend of Lady Glengall, "that the Earl, before your marriage with him, had a family by the unfortunate Nora Butler?" "No!" exclaimed the Countess with much warmth, "knowing what I know, I pronounce it impossible!" Here the conversation dropped.

"I have noticed," observed Allen to Lyne Stephens, "that when Duvernay is dancing in her most fascinating and *showy* style, you invariably have recourse to your opera-glass." "I admit it," retorted Stephens, "and I do so because I hold it to be highly improper that such things should be seen by the naked eye!"

Poor Twiss, completely crazy with ambition,
Bragg'd once of writing for the opposition.
"But how?" demanded his co-noodle Trevor.
"*By chalking on the dead walls* 'PEEL *for ever!*'"

Berkeley has again put down his notice about providing seats for the ladies; and as this subject seems to be the only one that has occupied his attention, though probably his mental incapacity will not allow of his entertaining more than one idea, he must be very useful to his constituents. Speaking to Duncombe, the other day, on the subject, he observed that it was a curious fact, that his bill was opposed by all the old members, and supported by the young ones. "Not at all curious," remarked Tom, "the old ones have done with *billing*."

A PARADOX.

Throughout my wedding *day* the toady clan
Kept loudly calling me "the happy man;"
But when, alas! my wedding *night* begun,
My bride pronounced me but a *sorry* one! WINCHILSEA.

Parson Wade, at the three-and-sixpenny dinner at White Conduit House, emptied every piece of pewter that came in his way. "Upon my word," said Murphy, "there's no getting a drop of 'heavy' any way. Really, Parson, you might write up '*porter's work done.*'" Wade hid his blushes behind the foam of a pot of Barclay and Perkins.

Since Laurie for service rewarded should be,
Her Majesty shortly, of course,
Will grant him the title of "Lord Saddle-tree,"
And make him her *Master of Horse!*

The Miss Sheridan who is hashing up memoirs of the Duchess of Saint Albans, and who is advertising for letters and anecdotes, will be much obliged to us for the following:—On one occasion her Grace ordered Fred Yates to get up *Tom Thumb* at Holly-lodge; and as all the characters were to be sustained by amateurs, he cast the Duke for *Noodle*, with the addition that it was "his first appearance." Her Grace, on reading the bill, immediately sent for Yates, who, in reply to her Grace's objection, observed—"In what other part could I have cast him?" "What other part!" exclaimed the Duchess; "give me leave to tell you, Sir, that let the Duke go where he will, his opening part shall always be *Doodle*."

A SAVAGE SET DOWN.

Quoth Hook, although my body weigh
Full sixteen stone, I swear,
Whatever people think or say,
My heart's as light as air.
It is a likely thing enough
That such result should follow;
His body he takes care to stuff,
Whereas his heart is hollow.

The condition of Mrs. Bligh must be anything but an agreeable one; the fellow Wellesley, glutted with her caresses, abandoned her without the slightest remorse; and he is even ready to commit perjury to relieve himself from the obligation of supporting her, if his oath would be received. "She has grown quite altered, I assure you," said Stephens to Lord Alvanley, who condescended to drink the fellow's port; "I really don't know what she has grown like." "Don't you?" remarked the buffoon—"then I'll tell you. She has grown like a wild hop which is not *attached to a* LONG POLE."

The Archduke of Austria had the privilege, it seems, of visiting the Seraglio of the Sultan before he left Constantinople, "all the ladies of the harem being first removed." We cannot perceive the extreme felicity of visiting such places when their appropriate objects of attraction are taken away. Going to a harem with no women in it is like going to a feast and finding nothing to eat, seeing a picture-gallery devoid of pictures, or a cabinet without curiosities. Had the Archduke got permission to visit the beauties of the harem, instead of merely the harem itself, no doubt his idea of its attractions would have been much improved. The Sultan's seraglio is formed, we suspect, on the dog-in-the-manger principle.

During the tempest which raged at Covent Garden theatre on the night of the Queen's visit, it was deemed advisable to address the many-headed deity from the stage, but before this could be done, it was necessary to ask her Majesty's most gracious permission to do so, and Sir Frederick Roe was accordingly commanded by King Macready to ask Queen Victoria if the rebellious gods might be appealed to. This was done, and on the success of the application being communicated to Bartley, he exclaimed, in a fervor of loyalty, "Pretty innocent dear! How condescending—how kind—how charming—how amiable! I'd lay down my life for the girl." "And I," responded Macready, "three hundred a week if she would repeat the performance every night during the season."

LORD COWAN'S LAUREATE.—We have received a variety of communications from a number of the small fry of musicians, like Rodwell, complaining that we omitted to notice their various compositions which were performed before the Queen at Guildhall. It is well known that we have a thorough contempt for these miserable pretenders to harmony, and positively consider that we much insult the public by dragging their names before them. We, however, feel bound to pay every attention to a letter received from Mr. Hobler, to whom the task fell of writing all the original poetry on this occasion. Mr. Hobler enjoys in his own person all the obsolete offices attached to the Mayoralty, from Poet Laureate to Lord Mayor's fool; and it affords us much pleasure in publishing his version of

"*When the heart of a man is depressed with care.*"

When the heart of a Mayor is depressed with care,
The mist is dispelled by a dinner so rare;
Like the scent of a turtle, it sweetly, sweetly
Charms our palate and tickles our nose.
Calipash, calipee its covers disclose,
But its champagne is more dear than those:
Buy it,
And try it
With Hunter or Laurie,
'Twill color your gills and pimple your nose. Satirist.

Castlereagh, observing in the papers a paragraph respecting the "stamp duty on marriage certificates," sagaciously remarked that, "at that rate, matrimony must be doubly taxed, since marriage was itself a *duty*." The observation fully accords with the announcement of his intention the other day, "to try the breeding system," and follow the example of his friend Lord Hillsborough. The noble Lord, however, has not yet "taken regularly to peopling the earth" that we know of.

The unfortunate Doctor Babbage, since his calculating machine has been neglected, has become entirely absorbed, as from monomania, by figures. He was lately at a ball, when a lady observing him as if staring at vacancy, asked him which he thought were the most elegant figures. "The figure one, Ma'am, from the perpendicularity of its line, and the figure none, from the symmetry of its curve," gravely muttered poor Babbage.

On Thursday last, Mr. John Drew, pianoforte maker, to Miss Mary Andrew.

When a virgin becomes a married dame,
She loses her lovely maiden name;
But no such loss lucky Moll befel,
For she merely has lost AN *article*.

Lyne Stephens was wending his way a short time ago through some narrow passages, when in one he met a pretty, modest girl. "Pray, my dear," said he, "what do you call this passage?"—"Balaam's Passage," replied the girl. "Ah! then," continued the puppy, "I am like Balaam, and stopped by an angel!"—"And I," rejoined the girl, as she pushed past him, "am like the angel, stopped by an ass."

There is a luxury in religion as well as in good living. Every great man keeps a parson, just as Warren keeps a poet, to save the trouble of going to church like other people. The Duchess of Kent, we observe by the Court Circular, attended divine service last Sunday at the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, when the Bishop of London had the felicity of officiating before her Royal Highness. The Bishop of Norwich was also present—nothing less than two Bishops, it seems, sufficing for the devotions of the Royal household. The piety of Royalty consequently need not go out of doors for its exercise, and Bishops are always but too overjoyed to have the opportunity of preaching and *preying* in "high places."

Matrimony.—A Harrow Hoax.—A person having advertised for a wife, the young sprigs of Harrow school determined on having a "lark" with the party who thus endeavored to "get spliced," and they accordingly sent a letter to him as coming from a "lady," who would do herself the pleasure of meeting him at Harrow. Accordingly, on Thursday morning, a respectably dressed "old buck," carrying a gold-headed cane, arrived at the Harrow station by the 10 o'clock train, and immediately wended his way to the church-yard, when he anxiously looked around for a few moments, till he espied a closely veiled personage whom he walked up to, and, after a great deal of bowing and scraping, conducted to the King's Head Inn, followed, some distance in the rear, by the whole school. But, no sooner had the old gentleman arrived at the door, than the supposed lady "bonetted" her companion, and started off amid the almost deafening shouts of the scholars. The "old buck," on getting his hat from over his eyes, to his great dismay, discovered the "lady," who was running away, had her legs encased in cloth trousers. He instantly fled through a neighboring yard into a garden, followed by his persecutors, shouting and yelling till they ran him to ground in a cottage. But by a back way he shortly contrived to enter the King's Head. The tumult brought two of the masters of the school to the spot, but the young gents were not "beaten off," and the poor unhappy dupe was doomed to experience much additional persecution, till the proprietor of the tavern got him safe in a gig. The old fellow won't forget for some time his trip from London to Harrow.

In the neighborhood of Berkeley-square, there are three surgeons, all enjoying excellent practice, whose names are Slaughter, Blood, and Death.

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will take place over this course the Second Tuesday, 8th May. The following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course, spring of 1838.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, then 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Mile heats. To close 1st March. Now six subs.

Richard N. Snowden, of Maryland.	James M. Selden, of Maryland.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.	William Wynn, of Virginia.
James S. Garrison, of Virginia.	David Toms, of Pennsylvania.

Several other entries promised.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring 1837, to run spring 1840; Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; to close 1st June next. Now 9 subs. and many others promised, which will make this a very interesting race.

Hector Bell, of Virginia.	Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia.
George L. Stockett, of Maryland.	Charles Green, of New York.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.	John Heth, of Virginia.
James B. Kendall, of Maryland.	Thos. Emory, of Maryland.
John L. Baltzer, of Washington city	

The following stakes is also proposed by particular desire of a number of friends to the turf, as likely to be a very interesting stake.

A sweepstakes for 4 year olds, to run spring meeting, 1838, Two mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100; 3 or more to make a race, to name and close 1st April.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Baltimore.

As the result of the last fall races has clearly demonstrated that the Maryland stock of horses is equal to any other—none of the purses will be confined to Maryland bred horses, but free for all, unless positively objected to by the Club.

[J13] JAMES B. KENDALL, *Proprietor of the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.*

MINGO

WILL STAND the ensuing season at Cooper's Ferry, Camden, N. J., the season to commence the 15th of Feb., and terminate the 1st July, 1838. Mr. William Cooper, who resides in the immediate vicinity of the proposed stand, will furnish abundance of pasture, of the best kind, for mares from a distance; and oats and hay, if desired, will be provided at the market prices, and suitable accommodations for persons who may be sent in charge of the mares. Every attention and care will be given to guard against accidents and escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping, and that for the service of the horse, to be paid before the removal of the mares, and within the season.

A memoir of Mingo will be published shortly.

The reception of short pedigrees, with mares sent to him, will be very acceptable.

[d30-1t] C. IRVINE.

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the 24th Jan. 1838, at the residence of the late Daniel Dugger, deceased, in the County of Brunswick, and State of Virginia, 3 miles north of the Court House, will be sold all his Blooded Stock, consisting of

Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen.
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.

F. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham,	3 yrs.
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	3
C. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie,	3
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna,	2
C. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham,	2
F. by Eclipse, out of Maria West,	1
C. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peacham,	1
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham,	8 months.
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West,	8
F by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna;	8

Terms, 12 months. [d23-2t] Petersburg, Dec. 18, 1837.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1831—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

HAMPTON RACES.

THE Races over the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga., will commence on the first Tuesday in February, 1838, and continue during the week.

First Day —A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, sub. $1000, h. ft., declaration $100, Two mile heats. Closed with six subs.

M. L. Hammond names ch. c Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.
John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie.
John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sally Taylor.
E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway.
Wm. McCargo names b. c. Stael, by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks.

Second Day—Two mile heats.
Third Day—Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for all.

The proprietors, after a vast deal of expense and labor, have at length fitted up this course, and it is admitted by visitors to be equal, if not superior, to any in the United States, in point of its fixtures, its locality, and its superiority of soil as a training track. The owners of horses, trainers, and riders, say from forty to fifty, can be accommodated with the utmost convenience and comfort.

Twelve or fifteen gentlemen, wishing *measureably* retirement from the noise and bustle of the city, can be furnished with excellent rooms.

Their stables are not inferior to any in America: they can stable from forty to fifty race horses.

☞ A number of fine horses will attend, and great sport is anticipated.

[d23] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor.*

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Civil John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chiaxco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter* calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna, Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $1200. D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered.

Chillicothe, November, 1837. [d9-3t]

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [A26]

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A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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